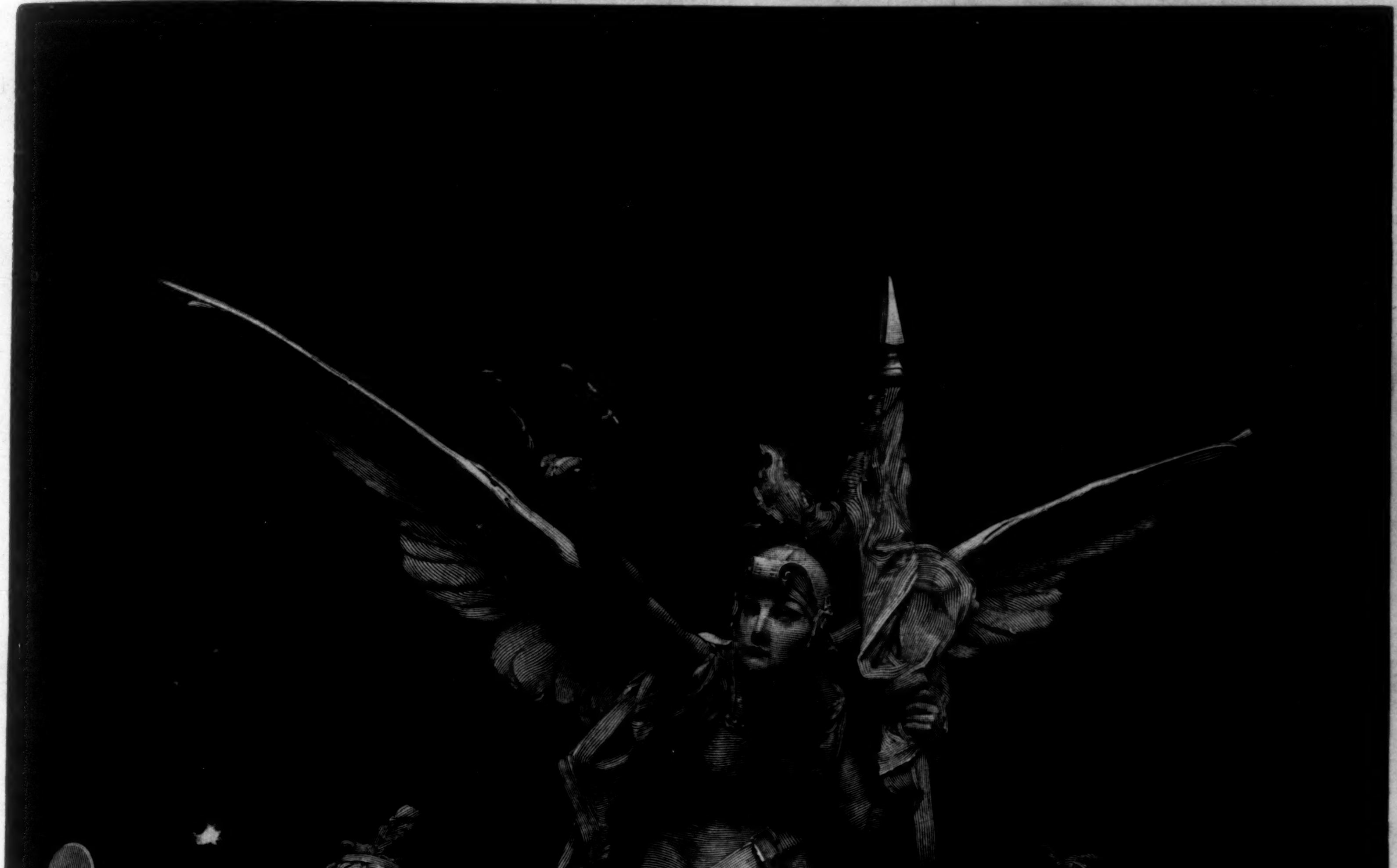
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 1832.
Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE ALLEGORICAL GROUP OF WAR FOR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—[See Page 114.]

TIMELY BOOKS.

I.

THE SPANISH AMERICAN REPUBLICS. By THEODORE CHILD. Illustrated. Large 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.

II.

THE CAPITALS OF SPANISH AMERICA. By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS, late Commissioner from the United States to the Governments of Central and South America. With a Colored Map and 358 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

III.

MODERN SHIPS OF WAR. By Sir EDWARD J. REED, M.P., Late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, and EDWARD SIMPSON, Rear-Admiral U.S.N., Late President U.S. Naval Advisory Board. With Supplementary Chapters and Notes by J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, Lieutenant U.S.N. Beautifully Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

IV.

MARIA: A SOUTH AMERICAN ROMANCE. By JORGE ISAACS. Translated by ROLLO OGDEN. An Introduction by THOMAS A. JANVIER. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. [In the "Odd Number Series."]

Aside altogether from the broad glimpses it gives of a life whereof we Northern Americans know absolutely nothing, it is a beautiful story, pure, sweet, warm with human love and tenderness.—*Chicago Times.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE SITUATION.

THE *Standard*, in replying to some remarks of the WEEKLY upon the state of parties, asserts that practically a party emphasizes one issue only, and leaves other questions until circumstances make them prominent. There is generally, it thinks, one prominent question which must determine voting, and at present that question is protection, and those who would reform the tariff must vote with the party that proposes to reform it. But while abstractly this view is generally correct, it does not describe the actual situation. From 1850 to 1860 there was practically but one political question—that of the territorial restriction of slavery. For the next fifteen years the prosecution of the war and reconstruction were the absorbing questions. The alleged excesses of Republican administration and a general but indefinite demand for reform followed as issues, and in 1884 the Republican party was defeated not upon a specific question, but by a widespread Republican dissatisfaction. In 1888 the national issue was mainly tariff reform, and in 1890 the Congressional election turned largely upon the MCKINLEY bill.

But meanwhile the question of the currency had been actively agitated, and both President GRANT and President HAYES had interposed to avert the consequences of wild financial legislation. The question has risen steadily in importance, and now for some years the danger from such legislation has been evident. In the last session a free-coinage bill passed the Senate, and not until Congress met could the general spirit and purpose, not of independent reformers gravitating toward the Democratic party, but of the party itself, be determined. The first party act in the overwhelmingly Democratic House was the defeat of the candidate for Speaker who was accepted and supported as especially the representative of tariff reform; and while the main question has been whether the party could be persuaded to concentrate its present interest and action upon tariff reform, the unquestionable party leadership is in the hands of men who hold unsound views upon the currency, and the strong probability is that a free-coinage bill will pass before any serious effort is made to reform the tariff. It is plain that if the Republicans of 1855-60 had secured a majority of 150 in the House of Representatives, had defeated the Republican candidate for Speaker who especially represented the policy of non-extension, and had busied themselves at once with tinkering mischievously the tariff, instead of restricting the area of slavery—it would have been very clear to sincere antislavery men that the Republicans recognized more than one immediate question, and that they were about as likely to play havoc with the tariff and the currency as to prevent the extension of slavery. This is to-day the position of the Democratic party; and until its next national platform and its course in Congress and elsewhere are known, it is altogether too early to say that there is but one prominent question before the country, and that upon that question the Democratic party is right.

In fact there are other questions, and of not less pressing importance. For instance, the country could prosper undoubtedly with a high tariff, but it cannot prosper with the money of protected interests and the enormous bribery fund of patronage constantly corrupting elections. The remedy for such evils is not support of a party which, even if it should aim at reform of the tariff, might also bedevil the currency and the public service. A machine which puts out one flame, but simultaneously lights another, is not a good fire-extinguisher. Mr. GREELEY was a strong Union man, but in the situation of 1872 to vote for him, with the Democratic party behind him, was a poor way to secure the results of the war. The Democratic party at present favors tariff reform, but as a party, and not without protestation, it favors other things quite as much. In view of actual facts, to regard it simply and solely as a tariff reform party is as much tarrying in a fool's paradise as it was to support Tammany Hall and Governor HILL as a step toward honest politics. The present situation is not as simple as the *Standard* supposes. It may be that the Democratic majority of the House will modify the tariff judiciously, defeat free-silver legislation, and advance reform in the civil service; and the party Convention may nominate Mr. CLEVELAND. There are sincere Democrats who hope it. But the situation is not yet clearly developed, and it is therefore too early to say that independent tariff reformers and sound currency men and civil service reformers must necessarily support the Democratic party. Mr. LINCOLN'S advice was sound not to cross a river until you come to it.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHILI.

THERE is undoubtedly some disposition to make war on Chili, and it would be more to our credit if it were not coincident with the building of a new navy. The warmth of a war fever, however, is by no means a measure of patriotism, or good sense, or sensitiveness to national honor. The readiness of a duellist to assert his honor at the point of the pistol is far from proving that he has a manly conception of that quality, and it would be a curious blunder to suppose that those who are most anxious to make war upon Chili are especially interested in our national dignity. The United States, one of the great powers of the globe, with sixty-five millions of people, whose courage, tenacity, and resources have been recently triumphantly illustrated in one of the most stoutly contested and prolonged of wars, are not to be supposed afraid of a little community of three millions of very brave but largely unintelligent people. There would be no kind of equality in a contest between them, and such a contest could be morally justified only by the plainest necessity, and when all reasonable means of escape from the necessity had been exhausted.

The actual situation is that in a seaport of a South American republic just emerging from a savage civil war in which angry passions were at white heat, and especially inflamed against this country by the alleged conduct of our naval and diplomatic agents not yet clearly explained, and under circumstances not yet known, but undergoing local investigation, United States seamen were assaulted by a mob, and two of them killed. Here is an event which the government of neither country can disregard. But Chili is said to have sent an insolent note upon the subject to our government, which the President in his message described as offensive. This is the situation so far as known, and there is nothing in it which may not be settled reasonably and pacifically. Two of the leading journals of New York, of different political sympathy, express undoubtedly the general feeling of the country. The Democratic *World* says, "Whatever quarrel we have or may have with Chili may be settled by diplomacy, or, failing that, by arbitration"; and the Republican *Tribune* says, "Between this country and Chili there is no question whatever except such as can be settled by two gentlemen sitting at a table."

The Navy Department has been suddenly extremely active in warlike preparations. Some Washington correspondents have been busily fomenting hostile feelings toward Chili, and there has been a profuse display in certain quarters of an exceedingly cheap patriotism and vehement protestations of what our pride and dignity demand. Our pride and dignity demand the utmost justice and forbearance, and a contemplation of our own precedents. The President has been represented as being very belligerent in his feelings, but he has not indicated such a disposition publicly. His message it was expected would be sent to Congress even before the issue of the last WEEKLY, but there was evidently no haste. Perhaps it will have been published when this paper goes to press, but we see no reason to suppose that it will advise foolish precipitation. A wise message will be largely due to the prompt and forcible expression in an influential part of the press of strong opposition to hasty action, and to the plain statement that national honor and dignity require the same self-command that private honor and dignity require.

THE NEW YORK SENATE.

SOME Democratic organs in New York find it difficult not to condemn the course of the ill-gotten Democratic majority in the State Senate. Two years ago, when the conduct of Speaker REED aroused general public attention and indignation, we reminded Republicans of the insolent despotism of the old pro-slavery Democratic majority in Congress before the war, which was one of the things that most alarmed the country. The power of the majority was pushed to an extreme which ought to be and always will be rebuked by a country which is fit to govern itself. When party spirit tramples upon the safeguards which the people themselves have set about their fundamental rights, the people will protect themselves by defeating the party, unless the people have lost the power of self-government. The majority of a deliberative assembly has the right to insist that it shall finally prevail, but it has no right to forget that it is to prevail only after the minority, representing often nearly half of the whole body of the people, have been fully heard. The course of Speaker REED, which recalled this Democratic example and warning of an earlier day, contributed largely to the overwhelming Republican rout of 1890.

The general feeling, shared by many Democrats, that the enormous success of their party in 1890 was to be regarded as a peril not less than a good fortune, was renewed by their decided majority in New York last autumn, and when the Legislature was stolen by their party, and it came into unrestrained power without a leader of eminence or authority in the Legislature, or in any department of the State government, the more sensible Democrats began to wonder what the harvest was likely to be. The performances of the State Senate are the answer to this apprehension. It is, indeed, extraordinary that in the immense State of New York, of double the population of the country with which there is now an effort to plunge the United States into war, the chief figure in the Legislature is known merely as a supple agent of the late Governor. As the late Speaker of the Assembly, Mr. SHEEHAN made no impression whatever upon the State other than that of an unscrupulous partisan.

There are able and distinguished Democrats in the State, but Mr. SHEEHAN is the most prominent of all Democrats who are sent to the Legislature, and under his leadership the most important bills are driven through without opportunity for debate, and Senators are suspended with an arbitrary exercise of authority which must persuade ex-Speaker REED that his opponents mean that it shall go hard but they will better his instruction. The present Senate of New York, both in the manner in which it was constituted and in much of its proceedings, is thus far a public scandal for which the Democratic party is responsible. It justifies the feeling with which Democratic success in the State was regarded. Such familiar results of that success in the New York Legislature and in Congress show why it is that a large body of discontented Republicans yet prefer the great traditions of their party to such leadership and conduct of the Democratic party.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

MR. SHERMAN HOAR has introduced into the House a bill of great importance, providing for the appointment of postmasters. It proposes that those of the first, second, and third classes shall be appointed, as now, by the President, with the advice of the Senate, and those of the fourth class, as now, by the Postmaster-General, and that they shall all hold office during good behavior, but may be removed or suspended by the President for cause stated, and that those of the first, second, and third classes may be promoted from one office to another by the President. The bill is simple, comprehensive, and complete, and its passage would be the most signal and effective measure of reform. There is no branch of the service to which the recognized and familiar principles of business apply with more propriety than to the Post-office. It is the great business department of the government, extending to every part of the country, and the one in which every family in the land is most interested. The proper discharge of the duties of postmaster cannot be possibly affected by political opinion, while to make the office a prey and prize of party contention must necessarily impair the efficiency of the service.

The service in the New York post-office, the largest in the country, has been most efficient and satisfactory when it has been free from partisan and political interference. It required, indeed, immense personal courage as well as a lucid and quick intelligence to keep it free, for such interference was constant and crafty. But the practical value of a system of administration in accord with the spirit and purpose of Mr. Hoar's bill was fully and incontestably demonstrated in the New York post-office by the late Mr. Pearson. The objection that a tenure of good behavior leads to ineffective and careless administration is obviated in Mr. Hoar's bill by the provision of removal and suspension. There is no incentive to industry and interest in the service when the tenure is personal or political favor, which takes no account of efficiency and diligence. But when those qualities determine the tenure, every officer has the highest motive for zealous and satisfactory discharge of duty.

This is a remark applicable to the large class of fourth-class offices, where the postmaster does most of the work of the office, and has but one or two assistants, if any. But it is no less true of the great offices. There are several hundreds of employés in the New York post-office. But the postmaster appoints the great multitude of them not at his pleasure, but in conformity to the law which requires their fitness to be ascertained. Why should he himself be selected without regard to his aptitude or experience or fitness for such an office? Mr. Hoar does not propose that he shall be examined, but that the conditions of appointment shall be such that there will be no inducement to appoint except for especial competency, as in the case of judges. No better measure of reform has yet been proposed. It is a long step in the direction to which the attention of the friends of reform has been already directed, and it deserves the hearty and active support of all who would see a sensible and most desirable change effected.

PATRONAGE *VERSUS* THE PEOPLE.

A pungent article in the Philadelphia *Telegraph*—a Republican journal of refreshing independence, which plainly does not mean to connive at Republican rascality—stated recently the simple facts in the contest between the President and Senator Quay to control the election of delegates to the Republican National Convention:

> "The President of the United States, in his desire and determination to secure the re-election of Benjamin Harrison to the office of President of the United States, is at this moment using all the power of that great office to coerce his subordinates of the government to help him nominate Benjamin Harrison. He steps down from the chair of the Chief Magistrate, comes here to Pennsylvania and Philadelphia—if not in person, through his henchmen—and in contempt of the dignity and majesty of Republican Institutions and of the law prohibiting 'pernicious political activity,' cuts off the official head of a mere custodian of a government building, and puts in his place one of his own faithful followers, endowing him with the power to dismiss fifty or sixty messengers, firemen, scrubbers and dusters, who want Matthew Stanley Quay's man for President, and to appoint fifty or sixty others who want Benjamin Harrison's man for President. Not only that, but the President of the United States has caused notice to be served upon all the stipendiaries of the national government that unless they do their best endeavors to secure Benjamin Harrison's renomination for Chief Magistrate, their heads shall follow that of the custodian of the Post-office into the same basket.
>
> *Per contra*, Matthew Stanley Quay, also a practical politician—and between heaven and earth nothing but a practical politician, though a Senator of the United States—had, by reason of his long previously continued grip upon the spoils of office, got his grip upon the entire clan of national office-holders in Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, and by virtue of his power has, until now, been able to pack the assembled conventions with his followers, and, without the least respect for the choice of the people, has made his own choice the law of the State and city. Matthew Stanley Quay's bowels do not now yearn within him as they once did to make Benjamin Harrison President. Indeed, they yearn exceedingly to give the ambition of the President of the United States to succeed himself a death-clout."

The *Telegraph* points out that this is an admirable illustration of the way in which the power of patronage in controlling party action supersedes the action of the people, so that candidates are selected not by the people, but by party bosses:

> "In the classic language of one General Foraker, who, like Humpty Dumpty, lately had a fall, in Ohio, the people are 'not in it.' Benjamin Harrison and Matthew Stanley Quay—who, it appears, are not of a mind regarding the former's belief that Benjamin Harrison, being the wisest and best man among them all, shall be elected his own successor to the office of Chief Magistrate or ruler—are contending one against the other to determine the matter of the succession, without the least regard for the theory that it is the people's business, and not theirs, to decide who shall sit in 1893 in the seat of Benjamin the Little. The people are quite left out of it—are not in it at all."

NEW YORK AT THE FAIR.

The committee of the dry-goods trade, of which Mr. William L. Strong is chairman, is the most active and earnest body in New York for the promotion of the World's Fair. It has stated with great force the importance of the hearty co-operation of the State and city in the great enterprise, and it has made the bill pending in the Legislature the subject of a pertinent circular. The bill provides for a commission to be composed of the three national commissioners, and three other persons who are to be appointed by the Governor of the State of New York. In addition, it empowers the Governor to appoint three commissioners from each judicial district, who shall be subservient to the general managers.

To this scheme the dry-goods committee objects that it would inevitably delay and hamper the arrangement of the exhibits, because the action of the district commissioners would have to be submitted for approval to the general commission. The committee proposes this substitute for the scheme of the bill:

> "The Governor shall forthwith appoint a board of district commissioners, which shall consist of one person for each judicial district of the State, who shall be a resident of the district, and, as far as practicable, representative of some of the industries of the State. Such district commissioners shall co-operate with the general managers for the purpose of securing a full and complete exhibit of the resources, products, and general development of the State."

The committee is also of opinion that the appropriation should be $500,000 instead of the $300,000 proposed. The expense will be considerable, and the committee think that the smaller sum will be totally inadequate. The Legislature is naturally unwilling to add largely to the expenses of the State in the first year of undisputed Democratic ascendency. But it may well consider that the appropriation is designed to enable the representation of New York to be in every way suitable for its importance, and therefore that if any appropriation whatever is to be made, it should be not excessive, but ample, and that is a point which can be better determined by those who have studied the situation carefully than by those who have in mind politics only.

THE BUTTERFIELD LECTURES.

A striking sign of the tendency to bring collegiate instruction into relation with practical life—a tendency, however, which may be easily pushed to an extreme—is the foundation by General Daniel Butterfield at Union College, which is his *alma mater*, of a series of lectures upon practical topics by distinguished men wholly unconnected with the college. There is also a system of prizes offered for the most intelligent appreciation of the lectures as tested by examination.

The syllabus of the scheme is the best interpretation of the design. The topics and lecturers announced are: The West Point Military Academy, General Michie, Dean of the Faculty, and General Horace Porter; Politics in the United States, Governor McKinley and ex-Secretary Bayard; The Diplomatic and Consular Service, Andrew D. White and Frederick W. Seward; Electricity, Albon Man; Journalism and the Press, Charles A. Dana and W. H. McElroy; Wealth and its Uses, Andrew Carnegie and Chauncey M. Depew; College Work as Preparation for the Duties of Life, Warner Miller and General Butterfield; Trade Schools and Industrial Education, R. T. Auchmuty and Rossiter W. Raymond; Banking and Finance, ex-Comptroller of the Currency John Jay Knox; American Finance, Senator Sherman; Art and Architecture, Montgomery Schuyler; The Politics and Diplomacy of President Lincoln's Administration, General Sickles; The Development of the West and South, Senator Manderson, of Nebraska; The Southern Advance, to be filled; Courts Martial and Military Law, Major Klous, U.S.A.; Municipal Government, Seth Low and Abram S. Hewitt; The Duties of a Governor and his Work, ex-Governor Alexander Rice, of Massachusetts; The Massing of Population in Tenement-Houses in Cities, Bourke Cockran.

It is obvious that the scheme contemplates the introduction of students to topics which lie generally beyond the college course. The lectures will begin with the autumn and winter term of 1892–3, at intervals of about two weeks, and continue through two years. Of course there is no room for more than an introduction of the subjects, which, however, may serve to reveal a special taste in the student. It is an interesting form of university extension within the very precincts of the college, and, as we understand, the lecture of the fortnight will take the place of a lecture or recitation in the regular course of study. The danger to be avoided is the notion that college education is a system of acquiring knowledge, instead of an intellectual training. A college shows rather what knowledge is to be acquired, stimulates a taste for it, and trains the power to acquire and use it.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

Christopher Pearse Cranch, who died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 20th of January, was a man of exquisite artistic temperament, a poet, a painter, a musician, of charming humor and social gifts. His poem,

> "Thought is deeper than all speech,
>   Feeling deeper than all thought;
> Souls to souls can never teach
>   What unto themselves was taught,"

is very familiar to many who do not know the name of the author; and all his poems reflect the singular purity and gentleness and uprightness of his nature and his life.

He was the son of Judge William Cranch, of Washington, who was of New England birth. He fitted himself for the ministry, but his tastes and sympathies for art prevailed and drew him from the pulpit, and into close relations with Mr. Emerson and the transcendentalists of New England nearly fifty years ago. The spiritual impulse of that time was never relaxed, and his generous liberalism and true catholicity of mind never failed. He was always interested in religious studies, and his literary accomplishment and faculty kept pace with his artistic development. Besides the poems which are best known, he published a translation of the Æneid of Virgil, uniform with Bryant's Homer and Bayard Taylor's "Faust."

Through a long life of various fortune Cranch always kept faith with himself and with his noble ideals. No sorrow or disappointment could touch the essential sweetness of his disposition or destroy the cheerful elasticity of his temperament. The bloom of spring still remained in the autumn of his years, and beyond seventy he sang with the old tenderness the songs of his youth. As a young man he was of a singularly picturesque and handsome aspect, and the alertness of his step hardly deserted him before the end. In the memory of those who knew him best that end is like the ceasing of long-heard music, and the unwasted freshness of that lovely nature will always appeal to them in Mrs. Barbauld's words,

> "Say not 'good-night,' but in some brighter clime
> Bid me 'good-morning!'"

PERSONAL.

General Jubal A. Early, the Confederate leader whom Lee, for his adventurous campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, called "My Bad Old Man," has begun very visibly to show the signs of age. He passed through Chattanooga recently, where his bent form excited surprise and sympathy. Another Confederate commander who is fast growing old, but is still in vigorous mental health, is General Kirby Smith, who is one of the professors at Sewanee University, in Tennessee. General Wade Hampton appears to be the best preserved physically of the surviving distinguished soldiers who fought for the "lost cause."

—There are thirty-seven rear-admirals of the United States navy on the retired list, and most of them live in Washington, where many of them may be met in the rooms of the Army and Navy Club. One of the most interesting of the old sea-dogs is Admiral Worden, who commanded the *Monitor* in the famous encounter with the *Merrimac*. He is described as a "weak, shaky old gentleman"; but when the historic incident is recalled of his experience in the *Monitor's* turret, where a shot struck with such force as to knock him to the floor blinded and bruised, there is another excuse than age in his case for his shattered nerves.

—The death in Boston, at an advanced age, of the widow of Ball Hughes, the sculptor, recalls the fact that her husband was the most talented as well as the most eccentric artist of his time. He was a favorite pupil of Flaxman, and astonished Boston when he brought there for exhibition his beautiful "Fisher-Boy." He is credited with having originated the once popular "poker pictures," made by burning a likeness into a piece of board with a red-hot poker; and though there were times when the sculptor would not execute such a portrait for any amount of money, it is said that five minutes later he would make an excellent sketch of the barkeeper who would treat him to a glass of brandy and water.

—Governor Flower is an enthusiastic sportsman, and his long residence at Watertown has made him familiar with the favorite resorts of hunters in the Adirondacks. He is especially fond of trap-shooting, and very expert at it, for he is credited with killing ninety-five birds out of a possible one hundred.

—The chief of the bureau of floriculture at the World's Fair is Mr. John Thorpe, who has been called the "father of the chrysanthemum." He is a man of advanced years, and has passed the greater part of his life in growing flowers. The chrysanthemum at the time he became interested in it was an insignificant and indeed a despised flower in America, and he did much to develop it to its present size and gorgeousness of color. Mr. Thorpe was once the largest geranium-grower in this country, at the time when that flower was so universally popular.

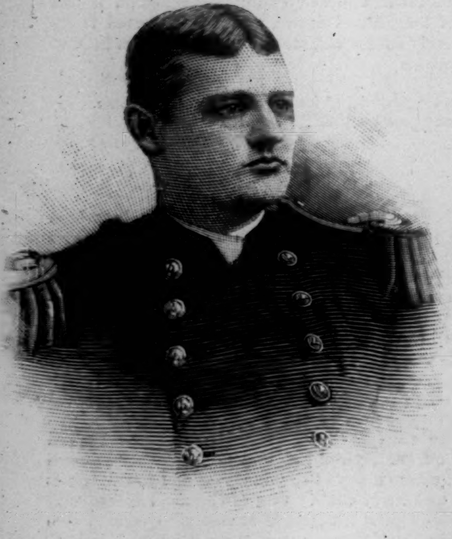
—One of the chief charms of Colonel Thomas W. Knox's books of travel for boys is their freshness, which results from the fact that the author gets his material at first hand from personal observation. Colonel Knox has been an enthusiastic and untiring traveller, and is a true cosmopolite, for he knows life in the mining camps from rough experience as intimately as he knows the frozen steppes of Siberia. He is a man of about fifty-five years, very tall and broad-shouldered, with a benign face and a manner as interesting as is his literary style.

—Mrs. Jackson's memoirs of her famous husband have excited a great amount of interesting discussion in the press. One Western writer advances the novel theory that General Jackson was not of sound mind, but that "his brain was full of kinks." This criticism may be regarded by some as confirming the old adage which Charcot has recently endorsed, that genius is allied to insanity; but if there was insanity in Stonewall Jackson it was probably of a kind with Grant's intemperance, which led Lincoln to remark, according to tradition, that he wished he knew the brand of whiskey Grant drank, so that he could procure some for the other Northern commanders.

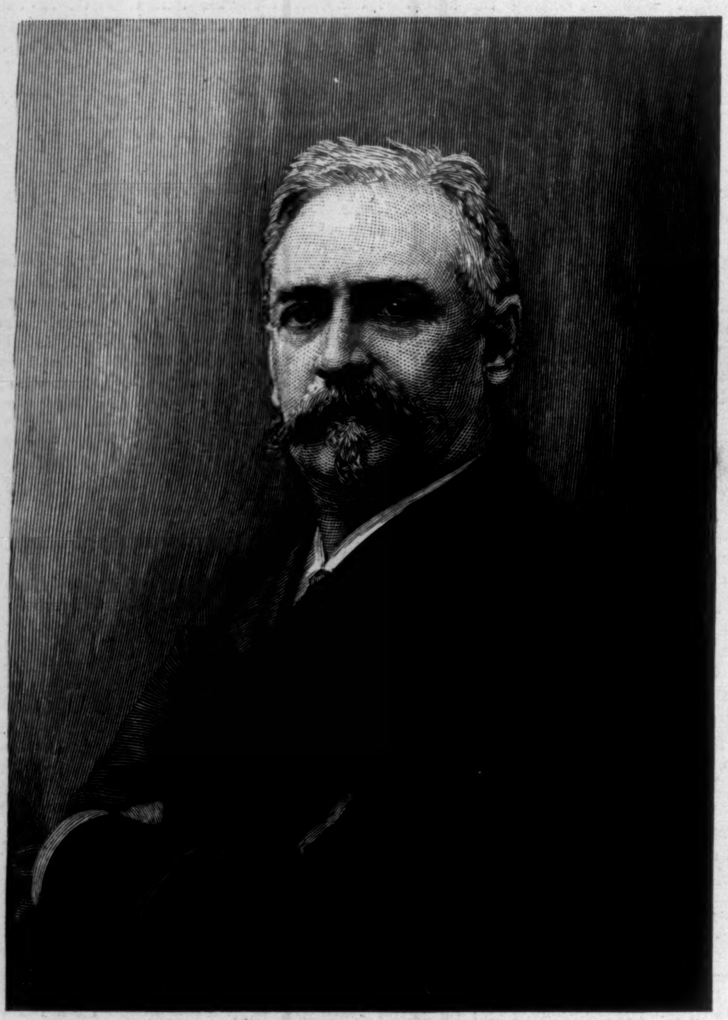
—Abbas Bey, the new Khedive of Egypt, will not come of age until next July, when he will be eighteen years old. He has been thoroughly educated, and speaks English, French, and German. The last three years he has passed at the Oriental Academy in Vienna, but during the earlier part of his boyhood he went to Egyptian schools, where he mixed in a democratic way with boys of lower social rank.

—It is related that the German author Von Mollhausen, now the Imperial Librarian of Germany, was once employed as a common laborer on a farm near the little village of Mascoutah, in Illinois. That was nearly forty years ago, and the farmer in whose service he was, Adam Riess, remembers him as a strong, industrious, and obliging young fellow. It is thought that Von Mollhausen engaged in this lowly occupation in order to get a realistic knowledge of country life in America, which he has since described with so much fidelity in his popular novels.

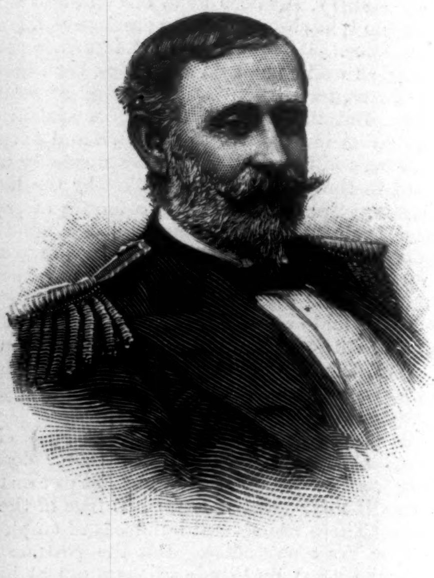
—There seems to be a growing fondness among American authors who entertain the public by means of "literary tours" to appear on the platform in couples. Just at present there are two notable literary partnerships of this kind existing between Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith and between James Whitcomb Riley and George W. Cable. Mr. Cable has taken the place of Eugene Field and of Edgar William Nye, who travelled successively with the Hoosier poet. Dr. Edward Eggleston is lecturing alone, but that may be explained by the fact that he recently took a domestic partner for life. These authors have all been greeted by good audiences, and the indication is that, although the lyceum which Beecher and Wendell Phillips and Gough made great has fallen somewhat into popular disfavor, the public still likes to see its literary men at close range.



COMMANDER ROBLEY D. EVANS, OF THE "YORKTOWN."



RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
[SEE PAGE 114.]

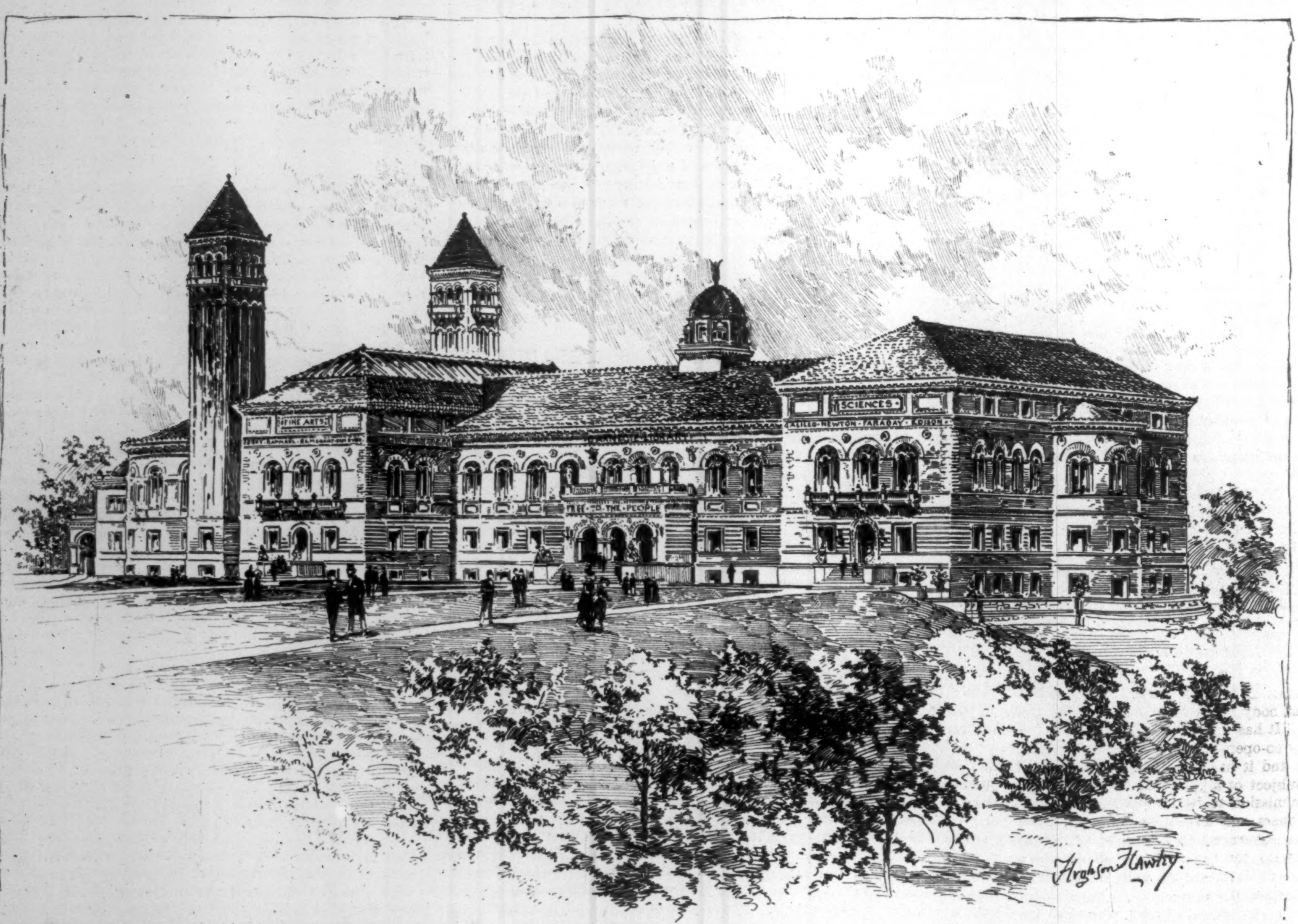


CAPTAIN WINFIELD S. SCHLEY, OF THE "BALTIMORE."

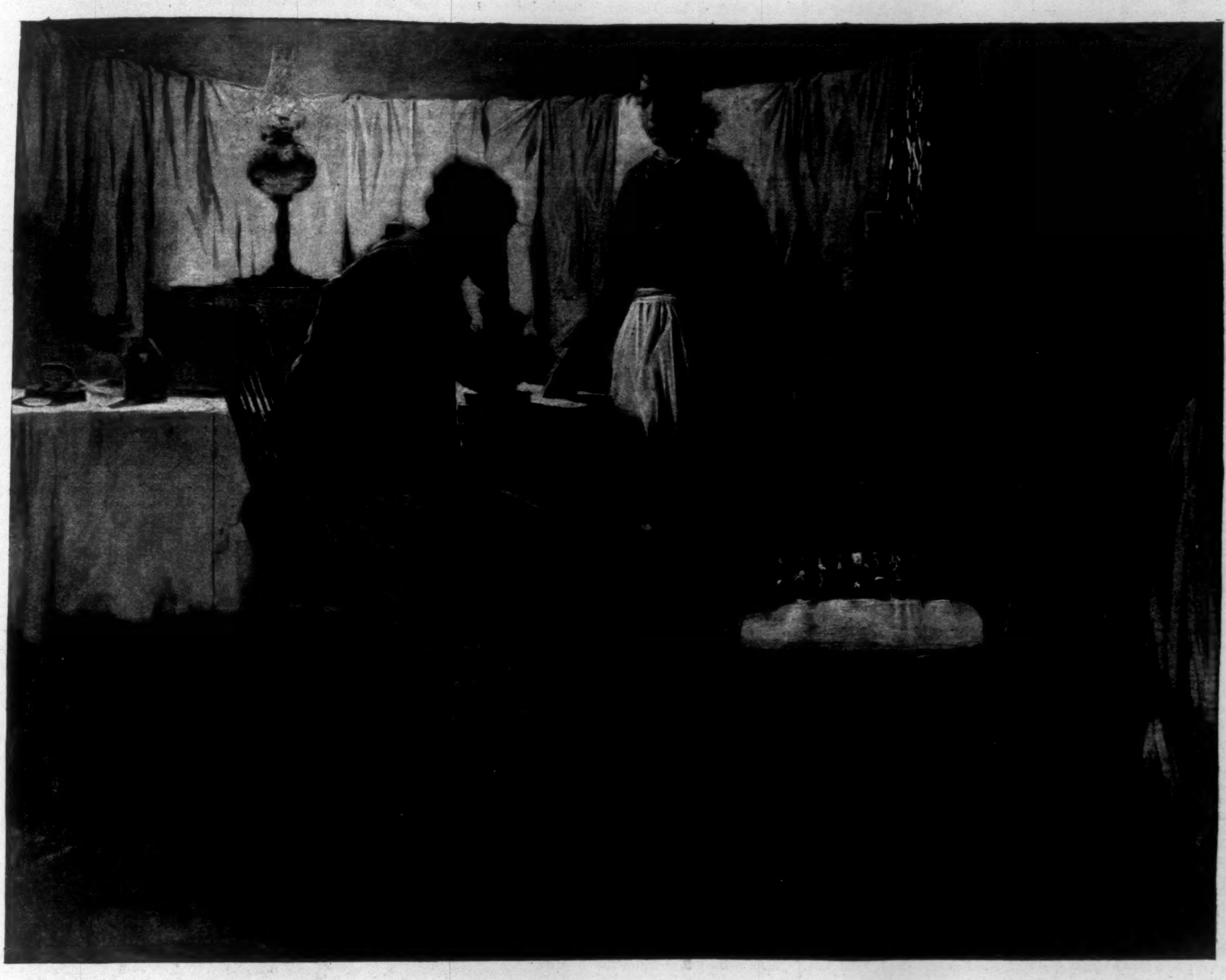
COMMANDERS OF THE "YORKTOWN" AND THE "BALTIMORE."

VERY recently the *Yorktown* was at Valparaiso and the *Baltimore* on the Pacific coast, but three months ago it was the *Baltimore* that carried the flag in the South Pacific when the trouble began. Captain Schley, who holds the relative rank of Commodore in the navy, is the commander of the *Baltimore*. He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, October 9, 1839, and graduated at the Naval Academy in 1860. He entered at once into the business of fighting, and was attached to the frigates *Niagara* and *Potomac*, and then upon the gunboat *Winona* and sloops *Monongahela* and *Richmond*, participating in the engagements that led to the capture of Port Hudson. On July 16, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. During 1864–6 he served on the *Wateree*, in the Pacific, and distinguished himself by services in foreign lands. He afterwards became instructor at the Naval Academy; and in 1871, while attached to the Asiatic squadron, took part in the capture of the Corean forts on the Salee River. In 1874 he was promoted to be Commander, and served for two years again at the Naval Academy. From 1876 until 1879 he served on the Brazil station, sailing in the *Essex* on a cruise. It was Commander Schley that headed the relief expedition in 1884 that went to the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and his little company. During this expedition his ship passed through 1400 miles of ice, and brought the party back from Cape Sabine, Grinnell Land. After this notable voyage he was commissioned Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting; and in March, 1888, received the title of Captain. Captain Schley is an able and efficient officer, and has been on active duty ever since his appointment as Midshipman in 1860, with the exception of a very few months. Up to the time of his taking command of the *Baltimore* over twelve years had been spent in service at sea.

Commander Robley D. Evans was appointed to the Naval Academy from Utah, and received the title of Acting Midshipman September 20, 1860. He was assigned to the old *Powhattan*, and when the assault was made on Fort Fisher, the young man led his company of marines. During the engagement he was shot in the leg, and after the fort had surrendered, was taken to the hospital, where it was proposed to amputate the wounded member. At his earnest entreaties, however, the operation was foregone, and the only result has been a slight lameness. On October 1, 1863, he received the rank of Ensign; was made Master, May 10, 1866, and on July 25th of the same year was promoted to be Lieutenant. The rank of Lieutenant-Commander was given to him two years later, and since the 12th of July, 1878, he has held his present commission of Commander. For a while he was in charge of the training-ship *Saratoga*, and afterwards on the Lighthouse Board. Under Secretary Whitney he superintended the shell in the construction of the *Maine*. His sea duties have made him widely known as a fine sailor, in which service he has spent a dozen years, and both on land and sea he has acquitted himself with great credit. Among his brother officers he has made an enviable reputation, and his courage has won for him the *nom de guerre* of "Fighting Bob" Evans.



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. T. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



"EM."

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

DEAN had made up his mind. She was not young nor good-looking, nor had she any possessions, unless indeed two children might be so held. But there was something about her which Dean liked. She looked meek and browbeaten; and more than once when he saw her climbing the hill road on her way home from the store, Dean had felt very much like offering to "pack" her heavy basket. He had never yielded to this unaccountable impulse; but lying in bed one night along in September, without falling asleep on the instant, as was his usual habit, he had "got to studyin'."

Something he had eaten for supper, very likely the beans and bacon, had disagreed with him; and as he thrashed restlessly about, his discomfort presently resolved itself into a dull wonder as to why, like other men well up in the thirties, he was not married, with some likely woman to cook things decently for him.

And then, as motes of dust show the track of a sunbeam, his annoyances suddenly disclosed themselves against a luminous idea: it occurred to him vividly that the widow Dye might like to marry him.

There were a good many much younger women in town to be had for the asking; but, though he could not say why it was, Dean found his mind making zealous pilgrimage only to Mrs. Dye.

The chiefest objection to her was that older girl of hers—that Em.

Dean did not take to Em. She was fifteen, and had a supercilious air, and eyes which made him think of sharp stones gleaming under clear green water. She wore gay calico gowns, and had a string of gilt beads, and was otherwise given to inordinate display, though, as every one knew, her mother had not a cent in the world save what she got by washing.

Em was a morsel which stuck in Dean's throat; but when he considered how Mrs. Dye bent her back to the burden that Em might go unladen, he swore an oath that he would change things.

The next day he sent word to Mrs. Dye that he wanted to talk to her. In the village usage, this message was a declaration. It was a tacit recognition of the fact that love is so universally a teacher of eloquence that when a man wishes "to talk," he necessarily means to talk about marriage.

Something later in the week Dean went up the hill road to see how his advances had fared. Mrs. Dye lived over against the little railway station; and as Dean crossed the tracks he caught sight of her house, a miserably dark old place in the midst of a clump of beeches, its unpainted frame flush with the road, two or three backless steps leading up to the side door.

As Dean rounded the hotel, a dilapidated structure fronting the railway, two women riding a white horse came in view.

"Howdy, Dean?" said one, nodding. She turned to glance after him. "I jest p'intedly wonder ef he ain't a-goin' to Mis' Dye's? Yes, he is—he's stopped! I heerd tell he'd sent her word."

"God A'mighty he'p her ef she gits *him!*" the other woman ejaculated, piously, the roughness of the road jolting the words out with telling vigor. "He don't turn his hand to a day's work till it's root hog er die with him."

Her companion pondered. "He's po'rful good-lookin'," she ventured; and then, sternly recalling herself to a purely ethical basis, she added, "but mighty triflin'."

"Mis' Dye best stick to the tub. She gits the hotel work now. Men is all right in thar places, but give me somethin' yeh kin depend on."

Dean had fetched up at a ruinous rail fence below the hotel. There was no gateway in its rickety length. When Mrs. Dye had occasion to mix with the world outside, she climbed two rails, stepped over a third, and walked down an inclined plank to the road. This plank took Dean's eye with an air of challenge. He feared to mount it boldly, with the air of a victor at whose approach cities surrender; and he also disliked to stand viewing it with uncertainty, for the horsewomen were looking back, and Mrs. Dye's younger child, a spindling girl of six, with flat legs and bulbous ankles, sat on the steps watching him with expectancy.

"Say, Sudie, is your maw home?" He finally decided to say this.

The child bolted into the house. He could hear her shrill outcry, "Aw, mammy!"

"Whoo?"

"Thar a man wants to see yeh."

"A *man?*" This in an incredulous accent.

"Hur-hur! It's Dean, what logs fer the mill down yender. Should I leave him in?"

There was a pause, in which Dean, standing anxiously on one foot, caught a whispered colloquy.

Then Mrs. Dye appeared in the doorway, nodding, in an embarrassed way, as she rolled down her sleeves. She was a woman who called up an immediate idea of widowhood. Her tints were the feeble clay tints of protracted poverty; behind her small head her soft brownish hair made a deprecatory half-coil, standing up over the gentle blue eyes in an aghast sort of tuft. Nothing about her was bountiful except her joints, which grinned through the delicate flesh with a skeleton-like jocularity.

"Howdy, mem?" advanced Dean, speculatively.

Mrs. Dye drew the door shut.

"Did you-'ns git any message lately?" asked Dean, gathering heart to step up the incline with a surety born of calked shoes and wet boom logs.

"Well, yes—I got word," admitted Mrs. Dye.

Dean sat down on the topmost rail, riveting himself to security by thrusting a leg between the boards. "I aimed to ask yeh," he began, with a business-like address, "ef yeh hed anything agin me?"

Mrs. Dye looked at her stubby finger-nails.

"Anything thet 'd be apt to set yeh back ef I named it to yeh thet I'm 'bout sick and tired of livin' around this ways by myself. I hain't hed no one to turn a hand fer me since my sister down to Tateville died two year back. I'm jest done out with boardin' round. Down at Jasper's, whar I stay, they charge me two dollars and fifteen cents a week."

"D' law!"

"Yes, 'm; and thar corn-bread is ez heavy ez a oak butt-log. I'm jest natchelly got to a point whar I can't swaller my victuals no more without two gulps to the mouthful. And howcome I sent yeh word"—he gave her an inquiring glance—"was this ways: I see you a-livin' here with no man to split kindlin' fer yeh and a-workin' too hard fer your stren'th; and says I to myself, 'I wouldn't wonder ef her and me would git along together, gee and haw, ez well ez anybody goin'.' Thar it is!"

Mrs. Dye was pleating an end of her blue apron. A little unwonted color filled her hollow cheek with an almost youthful bloom. Her linsey gown hung limp about her feet, in their heavy shoes. She looked worn and helpless, and yet, as she lifted her wide eyes and set them searchingly on Dean's face, some stanch quality of soul freed itself of the cumbersome flesh and struck him like a blade. Whatever in him was manly responded to it, as steel rings to steel.

"I got two children," she said, slowly. "They 'ain't ever hed a lick in thar lives. How'd you treat them two girls o' mine, Dean?"

Dean felt a sense of encouragement. He had feared his disposition to idleness might weigh against him with Mrs. Dye. There were times when he worked, indeed, but they were infrequent.

When there was a "tide" in the Cumberland, and men were in high demand, Dean yielded graciously to the importunities of mill-managers grown marvellously polite in proportion to the height of the river. At such times he bared his brawny arm to the conflict with great good-will. But as the big logs thickened inside the boom, and skiffs whirled in the eddies among the drift, and pike poles quivered over the water like snakes fanged with steel, Dean generally retired some distance up the bank, and sat himself on a stump, his dark, kindly face in his hands. If any offended voice shouted at him in hoarse invective, demanding why he had "quit," Dean showed no unmanly irritation. He merely owned that he had been "complainin'" some of late.

Mrs. Dye, if she knew of these lapses, gave no sign of it. "Them girls o' mine," she repeated.

"They'd be jest like my own—" avowed Dean. "I'd jest carry um round. Sudie, she's a great girl, Sudie is."

"An' Em?" struck in Mrs. Dye. "You-'ns know my Em, don't yeh?"

Dean shot his face into a conciliating expression. "Yes, 'm; I know her by sight." He cleared his throat. "Fine girl, Em."

"And smart ez a whip," chimed in Mrs. Dye, excitedly. "She takes to learnin' like a shoat does to mast—jest rounds up on it. I 'ain't ever crossed her noways. She wouldn't take it off of no person."

She drew a little away from the door, as if she surmised a step.

"Maw!" demanded a voice inside.

The door was whisked open, and a girl looked out.

"Oh!" she said, casting a javelin-like glance at Dean; "I didn't know." Then she added, coldly: "Your starch is boiling over, maw. I wonder you wouldn't smell it!"

Dean, sitting on the fence, waited some time for Mrs. Dye's reappearance. Then he unwound himself and lounged away, his anger kindling to think how Em had looked at him, and how she had spoken to her mother.

"Pore little soul!" he thought, with a great sense of pity. "Things 's goin' to be mighty differ'nt fer her. I'm goin' to take a steady job this very day. She's got to quit overdoin'."

"What 'd Dean want?" asked Em, as the door shut.

She was narrow as a lath, and looked like a sprig of golden-rod which has bleached all winter in the bracketed corner of a dark country parlor. Her wisp of hair, tagged with a scrap of ribbon of the brilliant unmitigated blue indigenous to rustic scenes, was pale tan-color, and so dry that a little air whiffing in at the window raised it like dust.

Mrs. Dye stirred the starch with embarrassed vigor. "He was jest talkin' 'bout one thing another," she said, disengaging a thin blue crust from the spoon handle.

Em yawned. "He always seems to hev plenty of time on his hands," she said, indifferently. "I never go down to the store that he ain't hanging around doing nothing. He stares at a person like he never looked to see 'em again."

"He don't mean nothin', Em," put in her mother, warmed to a deeper feeling for Dean that he had looked perhaps with fond anteparental interest upon her child; "jest his way."

Em lounged over to the window-sill and took up a paper-covered novel, worn with much handling into a mere flabby heap of pages.

"Em," ventured Mrs. Dye, lifting the starch pot to the back of the stove, "don't you-'ns like Dean?"

Em rested her eyes on the knob of wooded ground over against the Kentucky town, its bald summit piercing its sheaths of foliage like a sword. Below it, the Cumberland River displayed itself in a dull gray wedge, like a triangular piece of zinc. "I don't care nothing about him one way or another," she said, unconcernedly.

Mrs. Dye, leaning against the clothes-horse, clutched at an end of steaming muslin, her face glad. "Oh, Em!" she muttered, "it's all right, then—it's all right—ef you-'ns don't keer!" And forthwith, above her thoughts, a little dream of happiness began to flutter, like a yellow butterfly over the dust of a beaten roadway.

In the course of the next week, Dean, not receiving any "summons" from Mrs. Dye, wearied a little of persecuting time with hope, and decided to climb the hill for an interview.

It was beginning to look like fall; beech and oak leaves fluttered in the air, sweeping the ground in warm sepia tones. Dogs nosed about the villageways, turning the fallen leaves in search of acorns and spiny beechnuts.

As Dean fetched round the back corner of the hotel, he heard a low muttering in an enclosure to his right, and stopped to see the hotel man's red cow, which stood boastfully mumbling over a new calf.

"Mighty fine little crittur," commented Dean, hanging over the fence.

The woman in the box-house across the road looked out of her window and laughed. "Aw, Em!" she called, "here's Dean out here sizin' up McGregor's calf. He's on his way to your house, I reckon."

Em came to the window. "What 'd he be going to our house for?"

Mrs. Smiley laughed. "To see your mammy, goose! Whar you ben livin' at this year? Him and her's goin' to marry."

Em stared at her, trembling, her lips opening and shutting as if she whetted a sharp word of denial.

Dean still studied the movements of the calf, which adventured across the pen and staggered back, dropping stiffly under its mother's nose, its legs shutting up like the blades of a pocket knife.

"Good-by," stammered Em. "I—I got to go." In an instant she had sped down the garden path and was gone.

A moment later Mrs. Dye, trying the temperature of a flat-iron with a damp finger, heard herself addressed almost fiercely. Em had dashed into the room, her thin face scarlet.

"Thet Dean's coming up the road," she panted. "Is he coming here? Thet's what I want to know! If you're going to marry thet thing, I want to know it. I won't stay here a minute to hev no step-father bossing over me. I'll go and live with Aunt Mary down at Happy Hollow. I won't—I won't stand it! I'd beg my bread first!"

Mrs. Dye cringed, her little face colorless as she spread two shaking hands to shut out Em's retributive eyes.

"Oh, Em!" she faltered.

"Why don't you answer me? There's Dean coming over the fence now. Jest tell me one thing—are you going to marry him?"

"Oh, Em, don't yeh look at me thet ways, honey! I *did* think of it—some. I thought it 'd be a good thing fer you-'ns, Em. I ain't able to git you things; yeh look so well in nice clothes, Em. And, Em—Don't yeh go out thet door, Em! I'd ruther die than see yeh! I won't—I won't marry no one!" She broke off, gasping, clutching at Em's gown as the girl backed toward the entrance.

Dean's figure passed the window; he was evidently coming up the rickety porch steps.

Mrs. Dye shrunk toward the inner room. "You tell him, Em—tell him. I can't. Tell him easy, Em. He's lonely, Em; hesn't no one to do fer him. I was goin' to set up a pair o' heavy wool socks on my needles this very night. He oughtn't to wear them thin boughten things. Em, you tell him I—"

The door had slammed.

Mrs. Dye, hanging against the wall, her arms outspread as if she were nailed upon a tree, caught only a word now and then of the conference outside.

"You needn't to tell me *she* sent no sech word," said Dean's voice. "She's too good and kind to run a person off after lettin' him feel hoped up. It's you. You ben runnin' me down. I 'lowed you'd hev it in fer me—er any other person thet aimed to make your maw a little happier 'n what she is. All right! When she's killed herself slavin' to keep you up, mebby you'll be satisfied."

Em's laugh rang sharp. Dean turned, and stalked angrily away.

He felt smitten down before the enemy, but he put as good a face upon the matter as might be, and went about his affairs as usual, working rather more energetically than was his habit, especially as the weather got cooler and the river swelled with November rains.

It was generally reported about the village that in reference to his connubial hopes Dean had "got left." Men rallied him upon the failure of his plans; but as time went on, impartial observation noted the fact that Mrs. Dye herself looked far more than her rejected suitor like one whose hopes have fallen short.

As winter drew apace and chill winds nibbled viciously at the bare earth, Mrs. Smiley, on a certain dreary morning, saw that Em was hanging out the clothes, a state of things only accountable on the theory that Mrs. Dye must be "feelin' worse than common."

"Fer," debated the neighbor woman, "never would she let Em rough her hands onlest she was on her back her own self. She's worked too hard, Mis' Dye hes. I'll run over 'n' see how she's comin' on ez soon ez I git my sponge set this evenin'."

Mrs. Dye was not in bed. She sat by the stove, and as the visitor came in, started up to offer her chair. Em, who was ironing, pushed another forward.

"You set still, maw. Here, Mis' Smiley. Maw's not right well this last week er so. Got a heavy cold. She jest never gives up till her knees won't hold her."

"Ain't a thing the matter with me," said Mrs. Dye. "Em's jest worried 'cuz I git to coughin' so much o' nights lately. Ef I could git some snakeroot, it 'd set me straight, I reckon."

"Soaked in right smart of rye whiskey, it's po'rful stren'th'nin'," agreed Mrs. Smiley; but privately, in view of the other's thin wrists and sunken eyes, she doubted its efficacy.

When she took her leave, she beckoned Em outside.

"Seen the doctor?"

Em shook her head. "Think we ought to? It's unly weakness, ain't it?"

The woman pursed her lips. "Ef 'twas anybody of mine, I'd be rale oneasy. Any lung trouble in your family?"

Em gasped. "Gran'maw—"

"'Cuz you never know what weakness 'll run into ef folks won't rouse tharselves. Your maw 'minds me right smart of my niece. She jest acts fer every bit like Lindy done when she lost her husband; they hedn't ben married long, er she wouldn't of took on so. You couldn't git her to take no interest; wouldn't say what she'd hev to eat, er nothing." She tied her apron over her ears. "Lindy died with leaf fall. Course your maw 'ain't got nothin' on her mind, like Lindy hed. I d' know ez I'd worry, Em. She'll likely last till buddin'-time now. Well, good-by. Send fer me ef you need help. Mutton taller and nutmeg spread on a cloth 'll ease her chest. Law! there's my man comin' up from the mill already, and not a stick laid fer supper!"

Em stood quite still against the closed door. The target of the tunnel signal on the track below stood red. As the darkness gathered, it seemed to watch her with a bloodshot eye.

The hotel windows began to glimmer with lamp-light. There was a thud of horses' hoofs in the roadway, and one of the mill whistles shrilled out the closing hour. The barren beeches moaned overhead, and Em shook as she gave ear to the ominous voices of nightfall.

Up above, a few dim stars looked out wishfully, like the half-veiled eyes of some one who had died, but who could not rest even in heaven, for searching out a wet lifted face far below.

"Mammy, mammy!" Em sobbed. She opened the door.

Mrs. Dye, with her feet on the edge of the hearth, watched the girl as she lighted the lamp.

"Em never was so good and kind ez she's ben lately," she thought. "I take heaps of comfert in Em. I'd be po'rful happy if—" She looked up.

Em was beside her, biting her lips as if to quiet them. "Is there anything you'd like?"

Struck by some quality of her voice, Mrs. Dye sought Em's face with a sudden questioning, her eyes starting. The girl's face hardened.

"Fer supper—toast or anything?" she demanded, harshly.

Mrs. Dye's hands crept pathetically together, and her head sank down rather wearily.

"No, honey," she said. "Look like my appetite's all gone, takin' no exercise. Jest fry you and Sudie some middlin' meat. I don't keer 'bout eatin'." She shut her eyes, and then opened them, as if a sudden thought had struck her. "Say, Em, yeh don't reckon Dean hes any hard feelin's agin me fer doin' the way I done, do yeh? Turns me right sick thinkin'—"

Em wheeled away, clinching her fists.

The next day, as Dean stood "shoe mouth" deep in mud at the bottom of the mill chute, loading oak logs on a dripping car, some one called him.

A girl stood on the pulsing logs beside the float, her furzy hair and little white face canopied in a plaid shawl. She fixed him with a glance that was challenging, imploring, vindictive, and piteous. It was Em.

"Say," she burst out, "if you ain't very busy, I wish you'd come up and see maw some time to-day. She ain't very well, and—and I think she'd like to—to see you."

Dean leaned on a pike pole, as if to strengthen himself against the slight, shaking figure and rebellious, tear-reddened eyes fronting him.

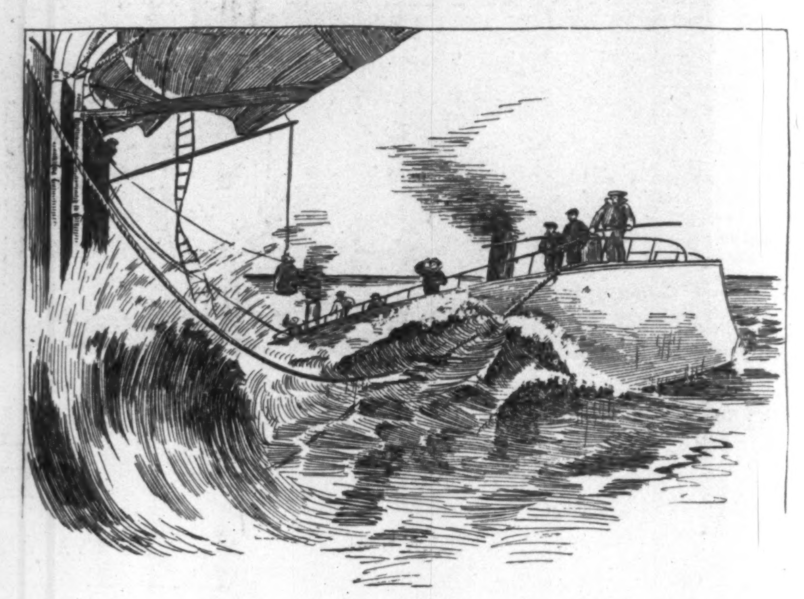
"I 'lowed never to set foot in your house agin," he said. "I keered a heap fer your maw, and I'd of done well by her, but you run me off."

"I thought she'd never think no more about you," said Em, under her breath. "I thought she loved me better'n anything, but she don't. I can't make it up to her." She choked, and then, almost fiercely, she flung out at him, "Do you like her yet or not?"

Dean's face grew a little tender. He did not speak, but his eyes, brown and gentle as a setter's, looked dim.

Em grabbed his sleeve. "Come," she panted. "I hate you! I hate you like the plague, but I'll treat you so good *she'll* never know it."

Dean took her unwilling little claw of a hand to help her up the slippery red clay of the chute. "Yeh won't hate me long, Em," he said. "I'll be so kind to you and her, yeh can't!"



COALING A TORPEDO-BOAT AT SEA.—[See Page 110.]

WORK AT THE NAVY-YARD, BROOKLYN.

BY LIEUTENANT J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U.S.N.

The Navy-yard, Brooklyn, is apparently as quiet and doleful a place in these days of sleet and slush as may be found within that sentimental periphery we are pleased to call the Greater New York. Chili might be Utopia and Balmaceda a sun myth for all that the clink of busy hammers and sizz of plate rivet would prove to the contrary. To the careless eye the yard seems deserted almost, for the bustle of October is passed, and the sudden mobilization of our fleet in tropical and subtropical waters has left the wharves untenanted save by a few ships. But though few, all these vessels have an especial interest, for they represent such variant and, to a certain degree, such experimental types.

Just now the stirring probabilities of a war with Chili give to the double-turreted Monitor *Miantonomoh* perhaps the most immediate importance. The old-new vessel—for she was laid down many years ago, then neglected, and then, when wisdom returned, valorously taken in hand—is the first of her class to be finished. Her trial trip was watched with an intense interest not unmixed with anxiety, for upon its success depended the acceptance of certain theories which were to be put in practice for the first time. But the anxiety was unnecessary, for her trials proved most successful, and the ship's behavior, both as a gun platform and as a habitable and manœuvrable structure, more than exceeded the hopes of her builders. The turret guns—10-inch breech-loading, all-steel rifles—were fired with the heaviest charges; the turrets functioned to a hair's-breadth, and the speed claimed for her was nearly two knots more than that set down as her probable maximum. With a few minor repairs she is ready for service anywhere, and in average fighting weather would be a formidable antagonist. Of course she is not a battle ship, for lucklessly we have no battle ships afloat, but she is a splendid coast and harbor defence vessel. Naturally, in long voyages she would have to be convoyed, as her coaling capacity is relatively small.

Near her is the famous *Puritan*, laid down at the same time as the *Miantonomoh*, but nearly double her size in displacement. This formidable coast-defender of the future has been pulled and hauled from yard to yard, and work upon her has been of the most perfunctory character. Just now she may be said to be assuming something more than the appearance of an iron tank, and when, in case of trouble, her vital importance to the well-being of our coast is remembered, it seems that no effort should be spared to push her to completion. There are three other Monitors of this same general type, all sister ships to the *Miantonomoh*. Of these, the *Terror*, upon which work is advancing satisfactorily, is the only one lying at the New York navy-yard. To supplement these four coast-defence vessels—the *Miantonomoh*, *Puritan*, *Terror*, and *Amphitrite*—there is almost finished at San Francisco a new type. This vessel, formerly known as Coast-Defence Vessel No. 1, has been named the *Monterey*. She is a powerful ship of war, and is to have the following battery: two 12-inch breech-loading rifles in the forward-barbette, two 10-inch in the after-barbette, six 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, two 1-pounder rapid-fire, and four Maxim guns. She is wholly of steel, unlike the others, which are built of iron, and are protected with compound armor—that is, with steel-faced iron plates. The *Monterey* has at the water-line a complete belt of armor thirteen inches thick, is protected with fourteen inches on the forward-barbette, and eleven and a half inches on the after-barbette, and carries 8-inch sloping shields over the heavy guns.

The armored cruiser *Maine* is making excellent progress, though it will be a year or more before she is ready for her trial trips. Much of the lower deck structural work is done, the armored deck is in place, and the bulkheads and other framing for store-rooms and living quarters are rapidly being put in their assigned positions. This vessel will come under the category of an armored cruiser of the second class. She is a valuable adjunct to the service, though there are certain objectionable features in her design which will militate against her ever possessing the high efficiency she ought to display. These defects were pointed out when her plans were first made public, but unavailingly—notably her possible unsteadiness as a gun platform; the mistake of echeloning her guns, so as to get that theoretical fore and aft and all-around fire which is realizable only upon paper; and the fact that her main battery must be revolved to fixed loading positions. Serious, however, as these faults may be, they are, after all, only comparative with the excellence that might have been achieved, and will not prevent her when she does come out from giving a capital account of herself. It is interesting to watch, on these gloomy days, the brawny workmen 'tween decks riveting her plating and tying with iron bolts the frames and angles together. It is a devil's tattoo of clinking hammer and spike, and in the weird scene the lithe and active figures silhouetted against the gray light pouring through air-ports, or moving half in the flame and half in the shadow of the portable furnaces, are not unlike spectres filched from tales of demonology.

The *Vesuvius* seems always to be in the experimental stage. Her luck has been hard, and her relative success is the result of the great ability united to the untiring industry of our officers. Originally, and indeed officially, known as a dynamite cruiser, she has never yet fired an ounce of that explosive; but her successes with aerial torpedoes filled with gun-cotton promise in the future a sphere of usefulness. In design she has many faults; indeed, in intention she is said to be so nearly all wrong that at different times it has been proposed to take out of her the three stationary torpedo-tubes, and to make her simply a despatch vessel. However fitted for this lookout and scouting service her great speed may make her, it would be, it seems, a pity to take any such radical steps before further experiments with her present armament are conducted. At present the Navy Department is looking into the feasibility of arming her with 1½-inch steel plates. This undoubtedly is to protect the numerous pipings and internal mechanisms, made necessary by the peculiar character of her expected work, from the possible effects of rapid-fire and machine-gun attack. It is said that she can carry this additional weight without trouble, though, of course, this will sacrifice her superb speed capacity to some degree. One of her notable features is her large coal endurance, that is, the great distance she can steam without recoaling. It is claimed for her, in the light of her probable service in Chili, that at the economical rate of 13 knots, she could anchor off the harbor of Iquique—a distance of 10,700 miles—in fifty days. This estimate, which, of course, includes the time spent in recoaling, proves that the usual delays of refurnishing with fuel experienced by most ships will not, owing to her great economy and capacity, obtain with her.

A relic of the war between the States is now on the dry-dock, receiving such minor repairs and cleaning as may be necessary to commission her for harbor defence. This was the second Monitor ever built, and the record of her usefulness and her hard service may be seen in the shot dents of the turrets. These are painted in a color different to that of the surrounding iron, in order to emphasize their story; and they serve as an object-lesson to show that, after all, when compared with our days, how innocuous were the boasted shot and shell of the rebellion. Of course it does not make much difference whether a giant is killed by a toothpick or hoisted with a petard; he is dead all the same, and worms will eat him; but we were proud, and with good reason, of those big smooth-bores and of their charges in those parlous days. Then the theory was that for every ten pounds of shot one pound of powder was needed, a 90-pounder being fired with nine pounds of powder; to-day we have for each pound of powder two pounds of shot, the 10-inch guns of the *Miantonomoh*, the *Nantucket's* neighbor, using 250 pounds of powder to drive the 500-pound projectile. The *Nantucket* has also a sentimental interest; for when the great Ericsson lay in state on her decks in the harbor of New York, she was the immediate representative of what his genius had evoked to save the country in a time of peril, for the original *Monitor* went down one dismal day off our treacherous coast, and left as the second product of her wonderful type the little coast-defender which now lies half hidden within the walls of the dry-dock.

Another dream of Ericsson's was a torpedo-boat which would discharge a submarine projectile. The *Destroyer* still rusts at the yard, for in practice she did not justify the hopes of her designer, and his busy life prevented him making those experiments which, undoubtedly, would have turned a negative result into a positive success. Near her frets at her moorings another type of torpedo-boat, the *Cushing*, called after that fearless lieutenant who stole up the North Carolina river, and sank, with a tank of powder on the end of a pole, the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle*. Torpedo-boats are still in the stage of acrimonious dispute; experts positively asserting and flatly contradicting their usefulness; but foreign nations possess them in great numbers, and no fleet is complete without these auxiliaries. The *Cushing* has heretofore been a torpedo-boat without torpedoes—a marine tragedy without its Hamlet. This was due to many causes, but it so happens she has been ordered to receive her characteristic weapons. Two of these are to be of the Howell type, the American idea, and one of the Whitehead variety.

"The invention of the Whitehead automobile fish-torpedo pointed out a new channel for human thought," writes Ensign Ellicott, U.S.N., "to follow in searching for destructive weapons of naval warfare. No patent rights existed to deter other people from imitating the weapon if they could, but at the same time its mechanism remaining a secret prevented any improvement being made upon it except by the inventor himself. It was not until an imitation came into existence possessing a distinct and vital power which the Whitehead lacked that torpedoists began to expect a rival weapon. This latter, the Howell torpedo, passed quickly through the experimental stages, has been much improved, and is now an adopted and regularly manufactured automobile fish-torpedo both in the United States and Europe."

Roughly described, the Whitehead torpedo consists of a cigar-shaped envelope of steel or phosphor bronze, containing six compartments for its propelling, directing, and exploding mechanisms. Its motive power is compressed air; it is propelled by two 2-bladed screws revolving in opposite directions about the same axis in order to centralize their individual tendencies to produce lateral deviation, and it is maintained at a constant depth by horizontal rudders, and on a straight course by vertical vanes set at an angle predetermined by experiment. The older models should maintain the prescribed depth and straight course for a distance of from 400 to 500 yards at a speed of from 20 to 24 knots. The latest models, more fish-like in shape, fuller forward, and with a finer run, have attained a speed of 30 knots for 425 yards, and 24 knots for 875 yards.

The general profile of the Howell torpedo is that of a spindle of revolution, the after-body being a true spindle, the middle a cylinder, and the fore-body an approach to an ogive. It has four distinct detachable sections—the nose, which carries the firing-pin and its mechanism; the head, which surrounds the explosive charge and the detonator; the main section, wherein are placed the fly-wheel and screw-gears; and the stern section, which contains the driving mechanism. Briefly, it may be said that its motive power is the fly-wheel, which is given, before launching, an enormous velocity of revolution by special appliances on board; this motion is communicated by mitre-wheels to the inner end of screw shafts, so that each screw makes 800 revolutions per minute to every 1000 of the fly-wheel. In order to obtain its speed, the fly-wheel of the Howell has to be spun up to 9000 revolutions per minute by a machine separable from the torpedo before launching, and these revolutions must be maintained by the external machine during any delay in launching. It requires about two minutes to obtain these 9000 revolutions upon the Howell, and it has been shown that the rotation can be maintained for an indefinite period. In the earlier trials the Whitehead was superior to the Howell so far as the possession of the four vital elements of success in a missile of destruction—*velocity, range, rectilinear direction*, and *rending force*—went by about thirty per cent. in the *velocity* and *range;* while the Howell exceeded the Whitehead by the same percentage in *rectilinear direction* and *rending force.* In a trial two weeks since, the Howell functioned beautifully, all the torpedoes fired attaining the same results in *initial dive, distance, speed*, and *submersion.* This is a great advantage, as it does away with the necessity of making particular adjustments for each missile used.

All the work superintended by the Navy-yard officials is not carried out in that great establishment. Outside contracts for the supply of Whitehead torpedoes, and for armor-piercing and ordinary ammunition, have been awarded to Brooklyn firms, and these are under the inspection of the ordnance officers of the yard. Not only have we in Providence a plant, owned mainly by the Hotchkiss Gun Company, for the manufacture of Howell torpedoes, but a factory for the production of the Whitehead torpedoes is in the hot fury of work on Long Island. One torpedo and the rights of manufacturing were bought, and the government hope by March to receive at least four American torpedoes of this type. The parts are made, and are being rapidly assembled. This is a step in the right direction. It is a continuation of that superb policy of Mr. Whitney's, which, by sufficient orders, enabled such great steel-makers as the Carbon Iron Company, of Pittsburg, the Bethlehem Works, and the allied Carnegie establishments to turn out the best structural and armor steel in the world. The new projectiles, made upon an ingenious plan, where pressure is applied to a heated cylinder and the shape required is given by die cups and enclosing moulds, are said to produce excellent results. The tensile strength is 70,000 pounds and over, and as the whole mass is homogeneous, the projectiles ought in all calibres to be worthy of the guns for which they are intended. Both shell and shrapnel are being made, and the first order is for 18,000 projectiles.

Naval guns are made at the Washington Navy-yard. Calibres as high as 12-inch have been furnished, and the supply of all sizes is adequate for the armament of the ships built and building. The results achieved by these guns are unsurpassed both in the bore pressures withstood and initial velocities attained. This speaks unequivocally for the high character of the powder used by the government. The heaviest guns at present afloat are the four 10 inch mounted in the *Miantonomoh's* turrets; but at the present writing a monster 12-inch intended for the *Monterey* is being carried upon a car specially intended for the purpose to San Francisco. Calibres as high as 16 inches are contemplated, but somehow it seems to be the opinion of the people who have to handle the guns at sea that these enormous calibres are too cumbersome. When the point beyond which guns can be handled only with machinery is reached, it is about time to stop. Abroad, the trials of the enormous ordnance have not been uniformly so successful as to warrant any great expenditures upon our part in a similar direction, though as a matter of precaution, and for the experience it will give our celebrated gun-makers, it might be well to turn out, and to have the appliances for turning out, a couple of guns of this calibre.

In armor our successes are too much a matter of recent record to need rehearsing; indeed, when a survey is made of the whole field of naval progress in ships, guns, weapons, ammunition, and explosives, the country can congratulate itself upon the notable departure taken within five years, and upon the industry, zeal, and intelligence of its sea officers.

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT PITTSBURG.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE does not believe in endowing a public circulating library. He thinks that to be really public, the library should be paid for by the public, so that they shall feel that it is their own, and will make free with it. He long ago told Pittsburg that when the city was ready to undertake the expense of getting the books and running the library, he would give the building. It was not, however, until the sister city of Allegheny had asked and obtained a fine library building on those terms that Pittsburg took up his offer. He agreed to give $1,000,000 for the buildings, the city agreeing to give $40,000 a year for the maintenance of the library. But the main building was to be also a home for art and science. How were the works of artists to be procured for the picture-gallery, or scientific specimens for the museum? Mr. Carnegie's munificence solved that problem also. He placed a million dollars in bonds in the hands of the commission, producing $50,000 a year for art and science. These grand gifts may be further increased by Mr. Carnegie to fulfil completely his desire. Of the building fund of $1,000,000, the sum of $300,000 was set aside for branch libraries. To keep within the limit of $700,000 for the main building, the design provides for a structure of light-colored brick and buff terra-cotta. Mr. Carnegie favors granite instead, and although the additional expense will amount to $100,000, he has expressed himself as being willing to bear it.

To harmonize with the design, the granite will be smooth-faced. The style is early Renaissance, an Italian development from ancient architecture. Venice and Florence contain some famous specimens of this style. Its characteristics are simplicity of mass and elaboration in detail. It admits of the richest adornment. A lavish employment of color was originally a characteristic, but is not a distinctive feature in modern adaptations. Therefore, when the building has taken its place in Schenley Park, the visitor must not expect to see a pile which will impress him by its commanding height or its bold outlines, but rather a structure which, although stately in appearance, is reticent in expression of its worth, reserving that to those who put themselves in communion with it. Mr. Carnegie, whose idea is not in the least to project a monument into the landscape, is very much pleased with the design. In selecting it from among the 106 designs submitted, the commission had in view the fitness of its interior arrangements, and paid little attention to exterior show.

It is a two-story and basement building, about 70 feet high, 400 feet long, with an average width of 150 feet. Fronting the east end, under a domed roof, is the music hall, which will have two balconies, and will have a seating capacity of 2000. At the main entrance there will be a vestibule 45 feet wide and 20 feet deep. A foyer 20 feet in width encompasses the semicircular auditorium. The stage, which will have a grand organ on each side, will accommodate 400 persons.

A wall three feet thick separates the music hall and excludes its sound from the library building. Towers 150 feet high flank the ends of this wall, but they are not disposed so as to constitute a central feature, and may be omitted or modified in the construction of the building. The roofs are plain, the only break in their straight lines being a simple cupola for ventilating purposes. The main entrance on the north front will be the central feature of the building. It will have an arcade ornamented with polished granite columns, and the vaulted ceiling may be richly panelled. All details of this sort are yet to be settled.

In the centre of the main front will be the circulating library, with large reading-rooms, and capacity for storing 25,000 volumes, as a local installation for the convenience of that section of the city. In the centre of the first floor rises a grand stairway to the second floor. Here will be the main library, with space for 250,000 volumes; also many small reading-rooms, special collections, and a large general reading-room. Between the big library and the music hall is the art gallery, occupying the full depth of the building. The west end of the second floor is devoted to the museum. Adjoining are rooms for the scientific and art libraries. The basement contains storage, boiler, fuel, and bindery rooms. The west end, where the basement is a full story, will be arranged for an art school, and will contain laboratories for the use of the scientific societies.

The structure will be as near fire-proof as possible. Corridors will be lined with tiles and marble. In the interior decoration the effort will be made to obtain rich and warm effects of coloring, except, of course, in the picture-galleries, where a neutral background is all that is desired. The architects are Messrs. Longfellow, Alden, & Harlow.

HENRY J. FORD.

THE HUNT FOR GARZA.

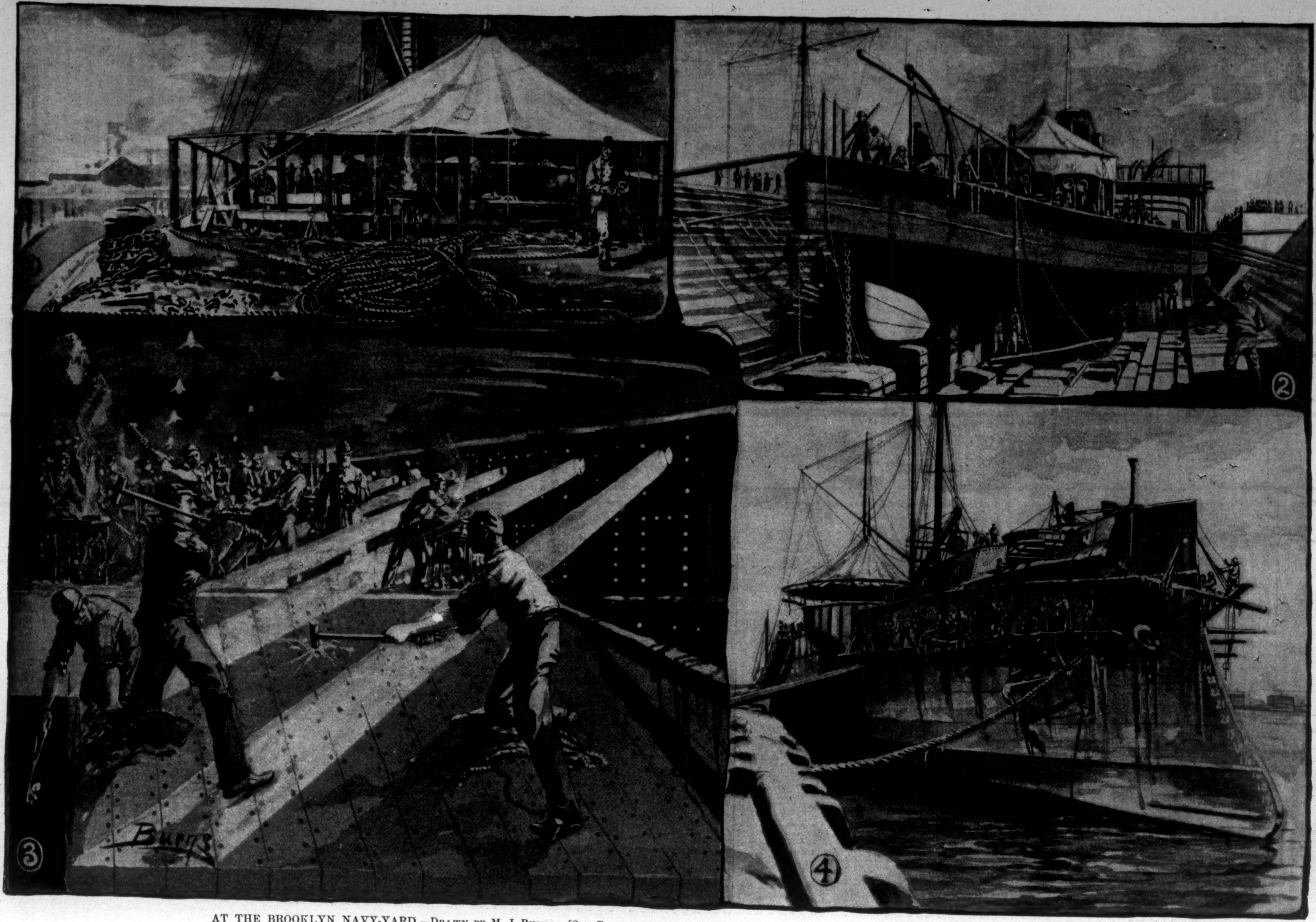
IT is difficult for people living in the eastern States to comprehend how the condition of affairs on the Rio Grande frontier could exist anywhere within the confines of the United States. The majority of those who live along the Rio Grande River, even on the Texas side, are very different from any other population in this country. It is an overlapping of Mexico into the United States, and the people, though they have been American citizens for more than forty years, are almost as much an alien race as the Chinese, and have shown no disposition to amalgamate with the other Americans. They take no interest in American politics. In Mexican affairs, however, they are deeply in earnest, and specially is this so in times of revolution and civil discord south of the Rio Grande River. Few of them speak English, and the white people of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona along the border contemptuously call them "Greasers," and hold them in no higher esteem than they do negroes and Indians. In 1880 there were 43,000 of such people in Texas, and, with the exception of those about San Antonio, these "Greasers" are herdsmen and small farmers along the Rio Grande. They hold life very cheap, and do not count it a grievous crime to murder either in private quarrel or public brawl.

Neither is the extent of the Mexican frontier ordinarily comprehended. From Brownsville, Texas, to El Paso, with the windings of the river, it is fully thirteen hundred miles, and thence along the boundaries of New Mexico, Arizona, and California to San Diego is several hundred miles more. This frontier is quite as long as the Atlantic seaboard from Portland, in Maine, to the southernmost point of the peninsula of Florida. Some three hundred miles of country, where the Rio Grande River runs through deep cañons, is practically unexplored. This section comprises the counties Presidio, Brewster, Foley, and part of Buchel. And all along the border is a heavy undergrowth called chaparral. This word originally was applied, I believe, to cactus thickets; but recently in that country any kind of an undergrowth in which men can hide or find shelter is spoken of as chaparral. With this very long frontier to guard, with the people of the same race as and friendly to the bandits, and with the aid of the sheltering chaparral, it has been possible for Garza, of whom something was told in the last issue of the WEEKLY, to elude the pursuit of the two or three troops of United States cavalry that have been hunting him and his band of outlaws.

An army officer who served long on the Texas frontier said to the writer the other day that in his opinion the only possible way to catch and suppress these bandits is to employ several regiments of cavalry, and have a great round-up of all the "Greasers" in the neighborhood in which Garza and his men have been known to be, and not to be too nice about killing a lot of them. With only a troop in pursuit, these bandits now have no difficulty in escaping, as, upon the approach of the soldiers, the bandits break up their organization and distribute themselves around the country, coming together again when the troop has passed by.

One of Garza's lieutenants—his cousin, Francis Garza—has been captured by the United States Marshal at Palito Blanco. This man says that Garza's force consists of 4000 men, and is divided into three bands. He reports that the men are only half fed, and receive no money for their services. It is believed by some in San Antonio that Garza has already crossed into Mexico, and that in a little while he will appear with a formidable force and confront the regular troops of Diaz. There are 6000 of these in the neighborhood of Laredo.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

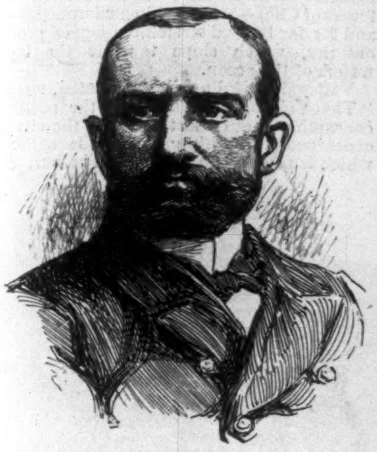


AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 102] 1. The *Puritan*. 2. The *Nantucket*. 3. Interior of the *Maine*. 4. The *Maine*.

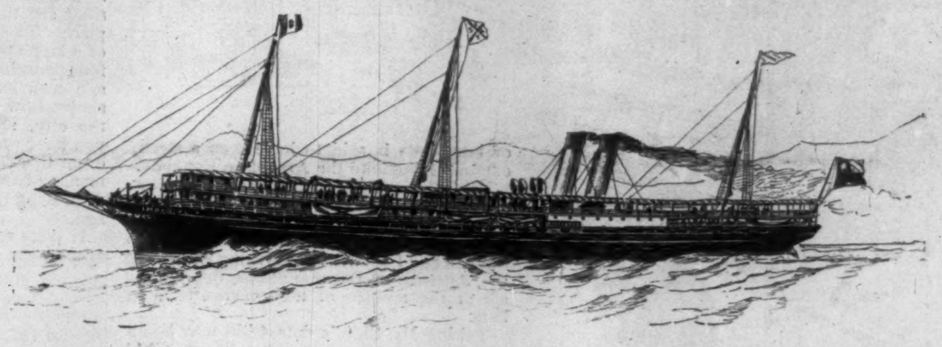
THE CHILIAN TROUBLE.

REVIEW OF THE CASE.

THE claim of the United States for an apology and an indemnity grows out of the assault by a mob in the streets of Valparaiso, October 16, 1891, upon a party, or, rather, upon different parties, of sailors from the United States man-of-war *Baltimore*, who were ashore on liberty. The attacks were made in different quarters of the town, and the number of them, as well as the savage ferocity which characterized them, indicated if not a concerted plan, at all events a general popular animosity to Americans. One petty officer was killed and seven or eight seamen seriously wounded — one mortally. The remainder of the party were put in prison by the police, but were soon released, no charge appearing to have been made against them. The commander of the *Baltimore* instituted an investigation, and from the testimony of his crew reported the facts to Washington. Thereupon the attention of the Chilian government was called to the affair by our own, and an answer received which has not been published, but which is not regarded as satisfactory, and has been declared by the President to be "couched in an offensive tone." No apology has been offered by the Chilian government, although three months have passed since the outrage, but only an assurance that the affair is under investigation by the Chilian government. In his annual message President Harrison said: "It is expected that the result will soon be communicated to this government, together with some adequate and satisfactory response to the note by which the attention of Chili was called to this incident. If these just expectations should be disappointed, or further needless delay intervenes, I will, by a special message, bring this matter again to the attention of Congress for such action as may be necessary." It was reported in Washington on Monday that a despatch had been received from the Chilian government. Doubtless this despatch contained the report of the Chilian investigator, the Procurator-Fiscal, which report had already been transmitted by telegraph to the American press. The report recommends that one of the rioters be sentenced to an imprisonment of from ten to fifteen years, one of from three to five years, one of three years, and one of from sixty-one to five hundred and forty days. The message of the President was not sent in on Tuesday, nor was it submitted on the following day. Meanwhile it was rumored in Washington that the representatives of Germany and Great Britain at Valparaiso had remonstrated with the Chilian government, and that Great Britain had tendered her good offices as a mediator.

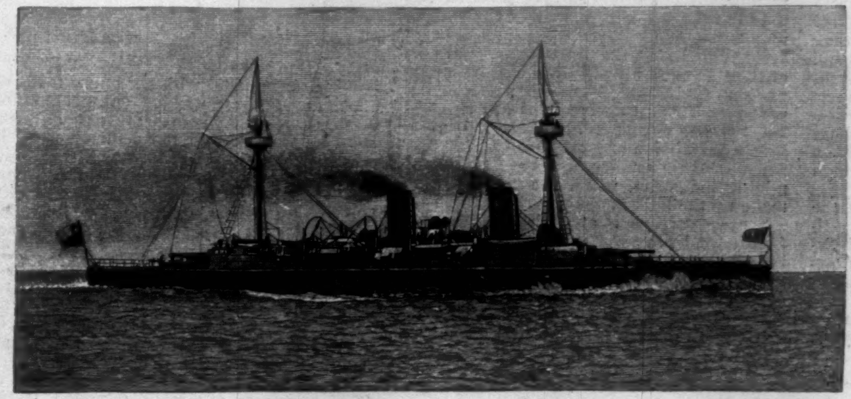


JORGE MONTT, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.



THE "IMPERIAL," OF THE CHILIAN NAVY.

The case of the United States is substantially set forth in the foregoing, but there is manifestly much left unexplained. There is no doubt that there has been in Chili a very bitter feeling towards the United States, and that the mob of October 16th gave brutal expression to this feeling. Man-of-war's men of other nationalities were entirely safe in the streets of Valparaiso when American man-of-war's men were in great danger. How is this animosity to be explained? To explain it, we must go back to the war between the Executive and the Congressional factions which resulted last August in the victory of the latter, and the downfall of Balmaceda. The United States had consistently refused to accord to the faction which turned out to be the popular and the victorious faction any recognition, or the rights of a belligerent. In this it had acted in concert with the other powers, but there were circumstances of special aggravation against the United States. The *Itata*, a transport laden with munitions of war for the insurgents, as they then were, was seized by a United States Marshal at San Diego, California, and was taken from his custody to her destination. She was promptly surrendered by the Congressionalists to the United States to be dealt with by our courts; but the incident was none the less irritating. Moreover, our Minister to Chili, it is said, comported himself as a violent partisan of Balmaceda, misleading his own government as to the comparative strength of the two factions contending for the control of Chili. Perhaps, however, the main cause of irritation of the Chilian people and the existing Chilian government against the United States is the belief that the commander of the American men-of-war so far departed from neutrality as to use his fleet to report to the government of Balmaceda the movements of the Congressionalists. While Balmaceda occupied Valparaiso, the headquarters of the insurgents were at Iquique, some seven or eight hundred miles to the northward, over a country so rough and broken as to be nearly impassable for troops. A naval expedition offered the only means of a descent upon the capital, and it was the landing of this expedition at a harbor within easy reach of Valparaiso that the Chilians believe was notified to Balmaceda by an American man-of-war. These things, while of course they do not justify the outrage of which the United States complains, tend to explain the animosity which found vent in that outrage. They also confirm a belief which seems to prevail among persons well informed on the subject, that in adopting a defiant rather than a conciliatory demeanor towards the United States, of which the case has been presented and urged, so far as we can judge, with dignity and decorum, the Chilian government is the faithful representative of the Chilian people, and that it would not dare to take any course that could be construed at home as apologizing or "backing down" before the demands of the United States. In other words, the Chilian government is "playing to the gallery." This belief is confirmed by the report that copies of the Chilian communication, which the President declares so "offensive in tone" that it has not been answered, have been sent by the government to the diplomatic agents of Chili in Europe.



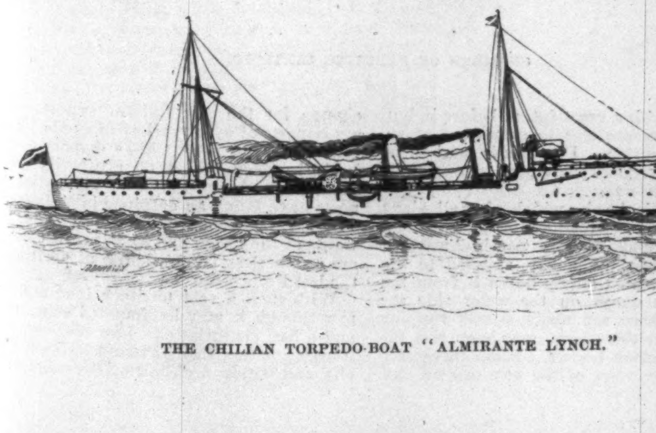
THE "ESMERALDA," OF THE CHILIAN NAVY.

The likeness between the outrage at Valparaiso and the lynching of the Italians in New Orleans has sometimes been adduced as a fact that was likely to hamper us in our negotiation with Chili. The likeness is superficial; the unlikeness is essential. In the first place, the Italians who were lynched at New Orleans were lynched not as Italians, but as criminals, who had succeeded in intimidating courts and juries, and thus escaped the legal penalties of their crimes. The sailors of the *Baltimore* were mobbed simply because they were Americans. No offence has been charged against them, nor is it at all likely that they were guilty of anything beyond the excesses common among sailors on shore. In the second place, our government promptly expressed regret for mob violence at New Orleans, while Chili has made no such expression for the outrage upon American sailors at Valparaiso. It was explicitly admitted that if the Italians killed at New Orleans were Italian subjects and inoffensive residents, the Italian government had a right to demand a pecuniary indemnity for their deaths. No such admission has been made by Chili, nor, indeed, any admission that the killing of American sailors by a Chilian mob was an incident which gave the United States any kind of claim upon Chili.

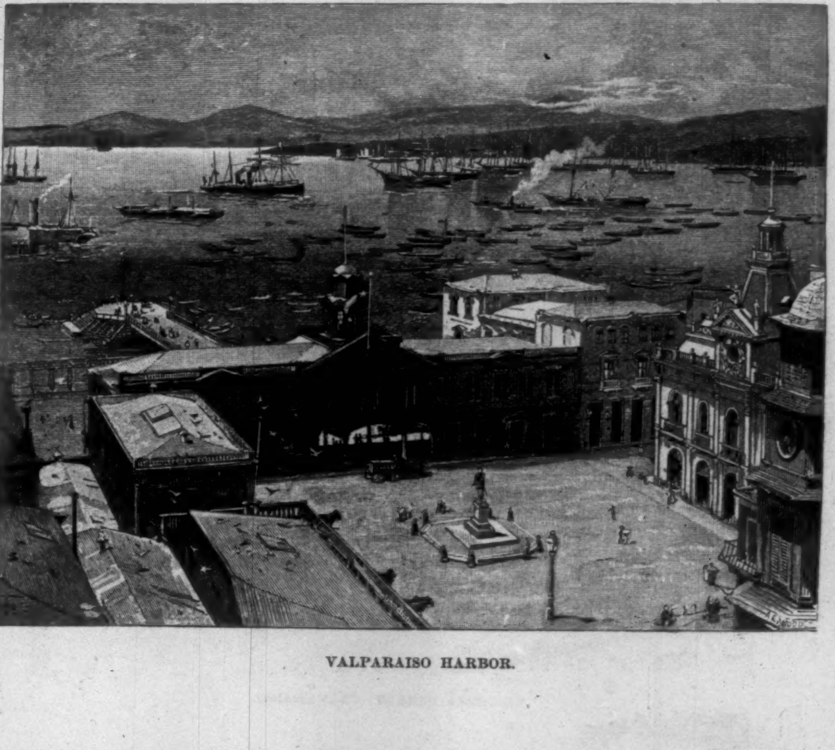
While the feeling of this country upon this state of facts undoubtedly is that we have such a claim, and that we ought to enforce it, it is also that we can afford to proceed very deliberately, and to use a degree of forbearance that might be held to indicate timidity if we were dealing with a first-class power. We are thirty to one, and we can get neither glory nor substantial advantage out of a successful war with Chili. Such a war would not be popular unless it were shown to be clearly necessary. Ever since Chili showed an indisposition to make amends for the outrage at Valparaiso, however, preparations for war have been going on. A war with Chili must necessarily be a naval war, since Chili may be said to consist of 2800 miles of coast line, the average width of the country being less than a tenth of its length. Some notion of the magnificent distances of the South American continent may be obtained by remembering that San Francisco is some 5100 miles from Valparaiso. The distance to Valparaiso from Montevideo is not much more than a half of that, and at Montevideo are three of our new ships under command of Admiral Walker, who will be superseded by his senior, Admiral Gherardi, when this officer arrives at Montevideo, to which port he has been ordered with the *Philadelphia*. The *Baltimore* is at San Francisco, making ready for sea.

THE CHILIAN COUNTRY.

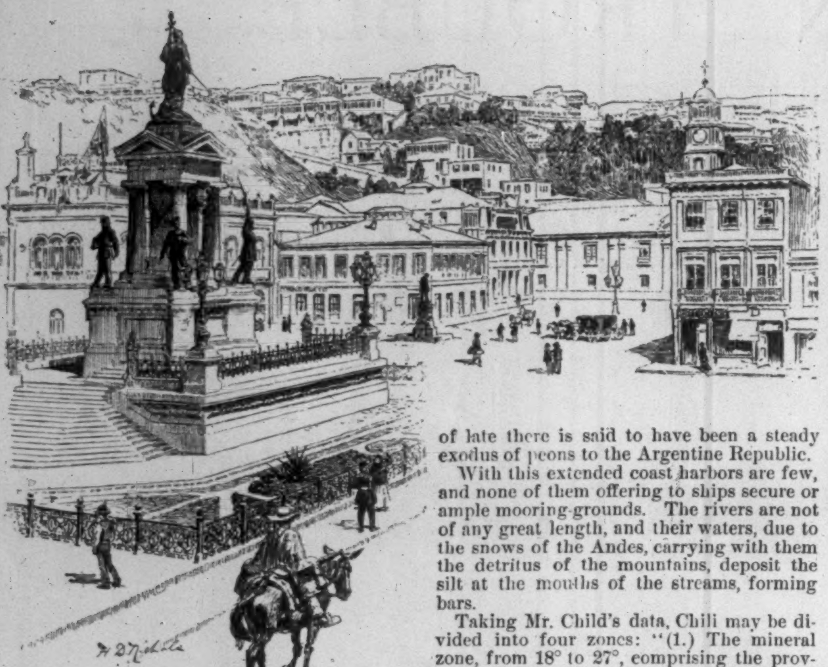
SKIRTING mile after mile along the Pacific Ocean, Chili, when compared with the areas of other countries, may be somewhat likened to the geometrical line. It has length without thickness. Taking the extreme northern boundary, where Chili touches Peru and Bolivia, it extends southerly a distance of 2800 miles, then trending easterly, enveloping the Strait of Magellan, has some 400 miles more of coast. To appreciate this sea border and its length, the distance a ship would have to cover if sailing from the extreme northern to the southern point of Chili would be the same as a voyage made from Sandy Hook to



THE CHILIAN TORPEDO-BOAT "ALMIRANTE LYNCH."



VALPARAISO HARBOR.



THE ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO.

Queenstown. The whole distance is as great as from New York to San Francisco, or if the State of Rhode Island were extended in a narrow band entirely across the United States, from Narragansett Bay to the Golden Gate, it would about express the length and width of Chili. The extreme width would be at a point somewhat south of the district of Concepción, where, from the coast to the Andes, the distance is some 190 miles. From the province of Llanquihue stretches far southerly a great series of islands of over sixty in number. These extend to beyond the Strait of Magellan. The most important island of this archipelago is Chiloe; the largest is Wellington Island. To-day, with steamships, after threading the Strait of Magellan, advantage is taken of the channels between the islands and the main shore, and rough weather outside evaded.

With an area of 196,785 square miles, the population of Chili has been variously estimated. Mr. Theodore Child, in his admirable volume entitled *Spanish-American Republics*, believes it to be some 3,000,000. In 1887 English authorities represented the population of Chili to be 2,700,000, and a certain increase would be probable, although of late there is said to have been a steady exodus of peons to the Argentine Republic.

With this extended coast harbors are few, and none of them offering to ships secure or ample mooring-grounds. The rivers are not of any great length, and their waters, due to the snows of the Andes, carrying with them the detritus of the mountains, deposit the silt at the mouths of the streams, forming bars.

Taking Mr. Child's data, Chili may be divided into four zones: "(1.) The mineral zone, from 18° to 27°, comprising the provinces of Tacna, Tarapaca, Antofagasta, and the northern half of Atacama. (2.) The mineral and agricultural zone, from 27° to 32°, comprising part of Atacama, and the provinces of Coquimbo and Aconcagua. (3.) The agricultural zone proper, from 32° to 41° 30′, comprising the provinces of Valparaiso, Santiago, O'Higgins, Colchagua, Curicó, Talca, Linares, Maule, Ñuble, Concepción, Bió-Bió, Arauco, Maleco, Cautin, Valdivia, Llanquihue; and lastly the timber and fisheries zone, including all the southern end of Chili, composed of primitive forests, islands, and lakes between 41° 30′ and 55°."

The cities and towns of Chili are not numerous. The largest centre of population is found at Santiago, the capital of Chili. The population is some 200,000. The next in size is Valparaiso, the great commercial port of the state, and near the capital, with a population of 120,000. The other places of importance, Talca, Concepción, Iquique, Chillan, Serena, Copiapo, San Felipe, Curicó, have a population of from 20,000 to 100,000. Many of these smaller towns are centres of mining industries, where the peon laborers make up the bulk of the population.

Santiago, which is at a distance of some four hours by express train from Valparaiso, has all the appearance of a capital. It is a wealthy city, and the handsomest one south of the equator. It is the Paris of South America. Santiago has many fine public and private buildings, and handsome equipages are numerous. It is situated in a broad plain, hemmed in by mountains. The climate is superb, the mean summer temperature being 70° Fahrenheit, and in winter 52° Fahrenheit. The city is laid out in chessboard style, and the blocks are known as *cuadras*. The great centre of life in the Chilian capital is the plaza. Here the tramways start and the hackney-coaches are stationed. Of evenings, when the band plays, it is the fashionable promenade. As in all South American cities having any pretensions, around the Santiago plaza are grouped the cathedral, the town-hall, and the Governor's palace. The proportions of this plaza are good, and shade trees numerous. What are called the *baratillos* are the great features of this public place. These are booths built under one side of a long arcade, and here are sold all those indispensable trifles which delight the Santiago men and women. Sign-boards over shops show the cosmopolitan character of the city, and you can read names which you have spelled out before on Bond Street or on the Boulevard. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and German shopmen busily engaged dispensing their goods are common in Santiago.

If there are many fine houses occupied by aristocratic and wealthy families, much of Santiago is built up with structures made of adobe or sun-dried brick. Ornamentations of the outside of houses are not in good taste, stucco being in too common use. It must be borne in mind, however, that Chili is an earthquake country, and in lightness there is safety. The genuine Chilian city houses of the past, following the plans of those in Seville, still existing in Santiago, are gloomy and cloistral.

The Alameda of Santiago is a superb avenue, shaded by trees, and bears a faint resemblance to the Champs Élysées. Along the Alameda have been reared the statues of Chilian heroes—General San Martin, Bernardo O'Higgins, Carrera, Bello, and Freire.

As the centre of education, the capital of Chili possesses numerous schools. If the late President Balmaceda had faults, he believed most in the general education of the Chilians. There is a museum of natural history, of fine arts, and a yearly *Salon* is held. There is a Conservatory of Music, and a fair public library. Santiago may be said to be a city with a great future before it, but where matters are still in somewhat of an inchoate condition. Progress is marked in some directions, and there is retrogression in others.

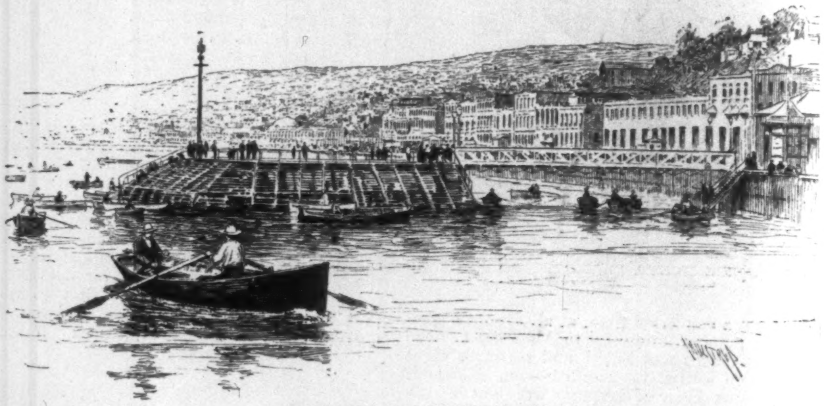
Valparaiso is the city which, after all, plays the great rôle in Chilian matters. The commercial entrepôt of this South American state is situated on a bay, exposed to the high winds which sweep down it from the north. The quays on the water side are numerous, there are many streets running parallel with the quays, and back rise the hills, dotted with houses. From these residences a fine view of the bay can be had. These spurs of hilly ridges are known as *cerros*. The wealthier people of Valparaiso have selected the greener or more fertile portions of these hills, leaving to the poorer the more arid cerros. Valparaiso is essentially a business town, and as thoroughly engrossed in commerce as is Liverpool. There are certain streets well provided with shops, but offices, banks, warehouses, and merchants' quarters are of greater importance. There is a mole, the Muelle Fiscal, some little of a protection for shipping, built to facilitate the landing of goods and passengers, but it is inadequate for the increasing commercial wants of the city.

Near the Muelle Fiscal stand the huge custom-house and bonded warehouses. From the top of a hill on which stands a military school may be seen the fleet of steamers, sailing ships, the lighters that carry on the business of Valparaiso, and the floating defences of Chili—her war ships and ironclads—and far, far beyond stretch the jagged promontories, which slope towards the blue waters of the ocean.

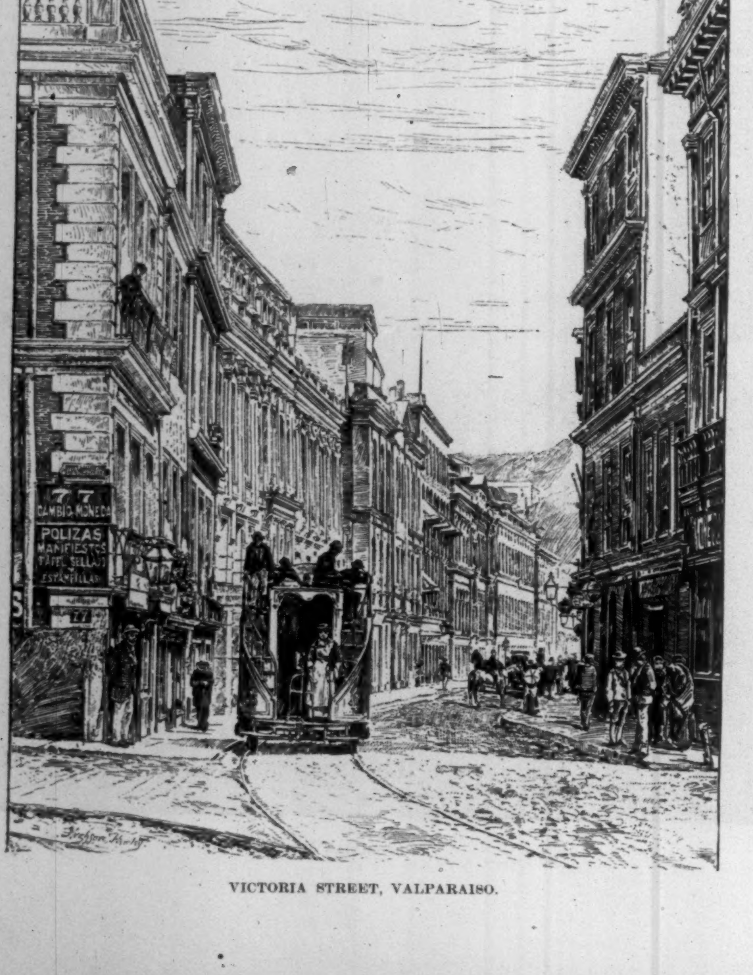
Valparaiso, if literally translated, means "The Vale of Paradise," but the poetical conception is quite lost as far as the city is concerned, for within it there is nothing which is pleasing to the eye. The business town is indifferent to architectural display. What strikes the American most is the constant sound of English. In all the more important South American cities you will find abundance of German, French, and Italian, but the English in Valparaiso rule the roast, and have for their share the largest interests in Chilian commerce. It is the foreign element which in a large measure controls the organization and management of all great Chilian enterprises. It is from the City, or moneyed London, that the plans have originated, and the capital subscribed to work the copper or the nitrates. Chilians may have originally owned the sources of mineral wealth, or be still interested in them, but it is the manager who hails from Great Britain whose word or will is law. The Chilian temperament inclines towards "passive enjoyment," and therefore the native inhabitant of Santiago, if he is not in copper, or hides, or nitre, or politics, leads an indolent life.

Trade in Valparaiso is heavy, for in exchange for the raw Chilian exports there are imports of every variety of goods. Manufacturing but little, Chili's demands—that is, during her period of prosperity—were immense, and nine-tenths of her entire imports have found an entrance in Valparaiso. The lower classes have few needs, but the wants of the richer and higher-bred Chilians are numberless, from a bottle of perfume to the last French novel.

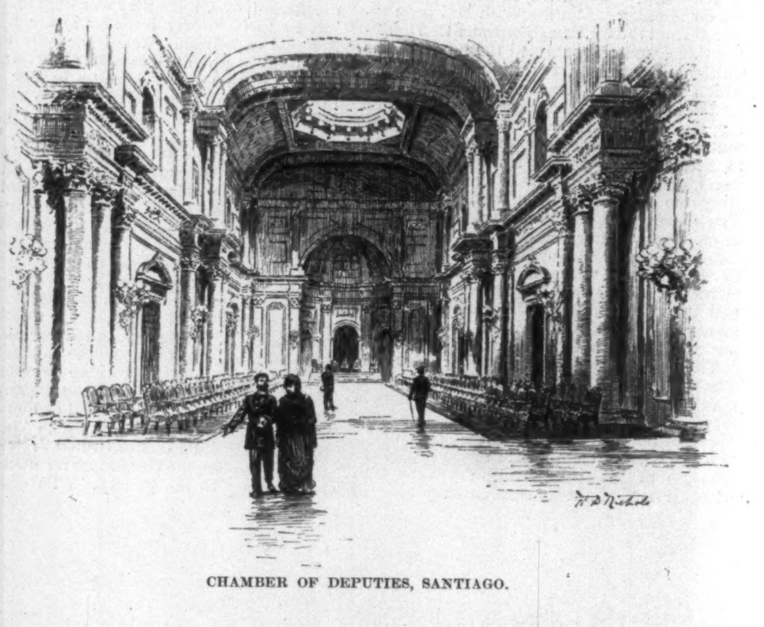
With such a vast territory, long and narrow though it may be, founded some three and a half centuries ago, how account for a population less than is found in New York city and within a circuit of ten miles of it?



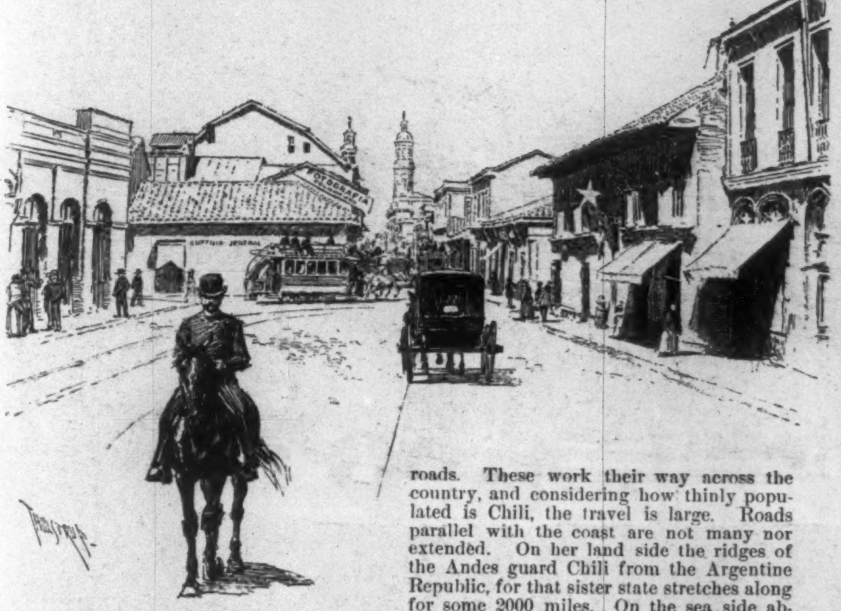
PASSENGER MOLE, VALPARAISO.



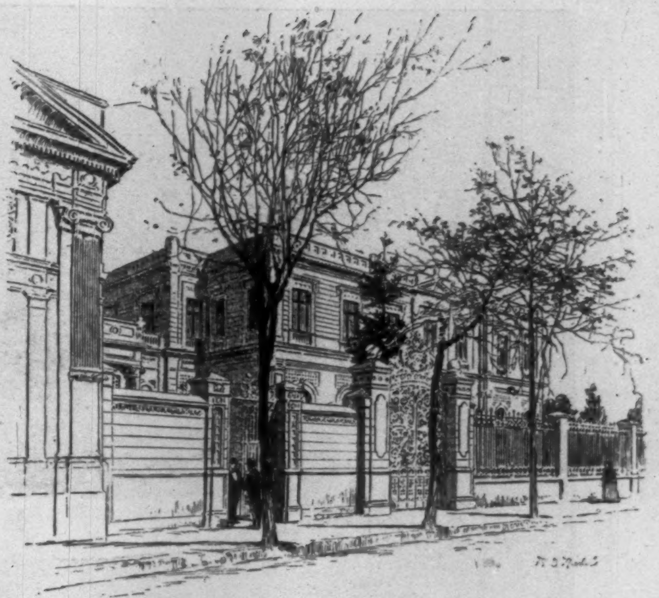
VICTORIA STREET, VALPARAISO.



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, SANTIAGO.



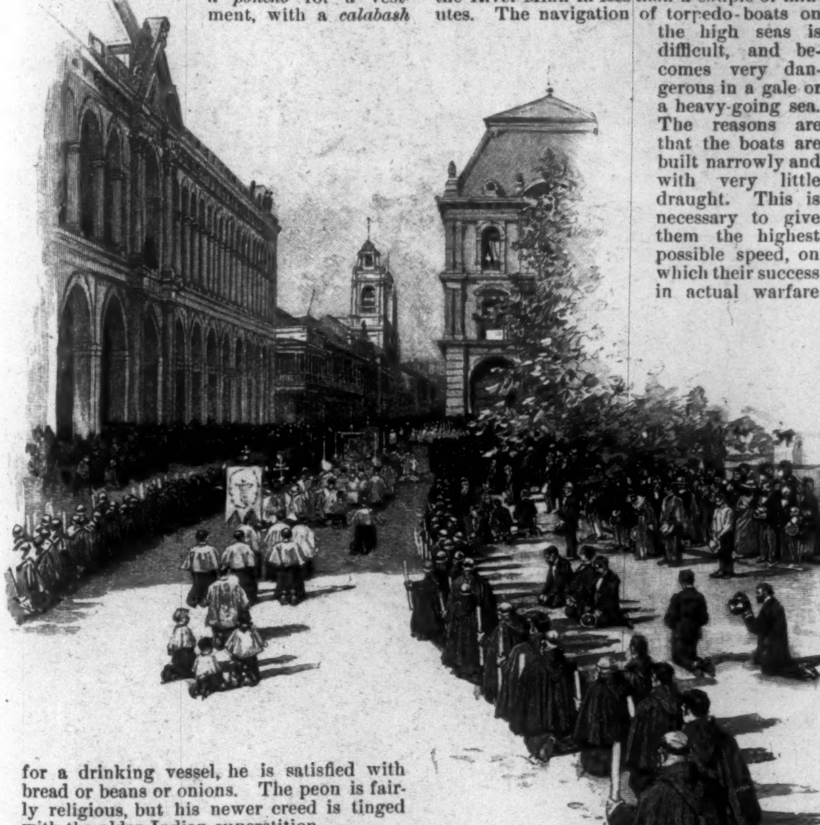
CALLE DEL PUENTE, SANTIAGO.



THE COUSIÑO HOUSE, SANTIAGO.

Generally the statistician accounts for the want of a normal increase by the great infant mortality, and even a lower vital condition of the native. The mixture of original Spanish with the native Indian does not seem to have brought about a long-lived stock. The occupation of mining is not conducive to health. The native stevedores in Chilian ports, or those carrying huge weights in the mines, possess enormous strength, but they do not last.

The peon, the true laborer as miner or agriculturist, is a docile, fair worker, but apparently wanting in moral sense. Having but few wants, he has no idea of thrift. Imitative to a degree, taking hold at once of the easier technicalities, he stops short then, and rarely can go further on. He loves his old-fashioned ways. With a *poncho* for a vestment, with a *calabash* for a drinking vessel, he is satisfied with bread or beans or onions. The peon is fairly religious, but his newer creed is tinged with the older Indian superstition.



PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI, SANTIAGO.

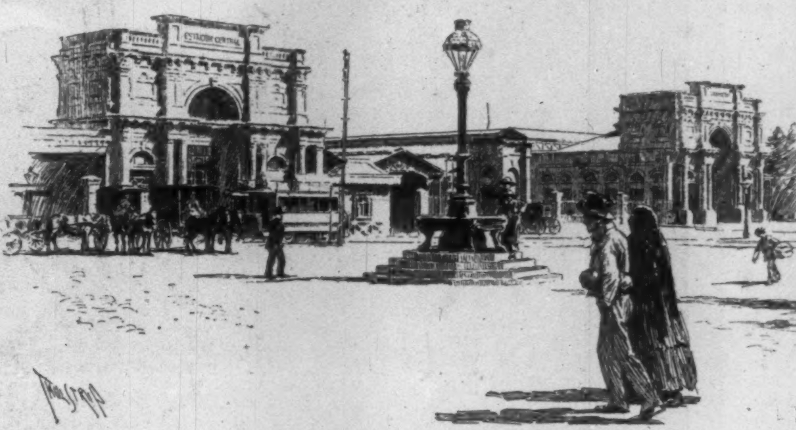
Distinctions of class are marked in Chili. "There are the white men and the common herd, the creoles and the peones—the former, lords and undisputed masters; the latter, resigned and unregistered slaves." This same slighting of working-people, of French, Swiss, German, or English who have made Chili their home, has brought about a certain bitterness of feeling. Mr. Child states that all foreigners are styled "gringos," and find neither sympathy nor impartiality on the part of the governing power. There has been of late years a decidedly jealous feeling in regard to foreigners, though ideas of further immigration are entertained. From Valdivia to the strait there is an enormous stretch of country, which the Chilians believe would be best suited to Scandinavians; but the colonization system is wanting in organization, the means at the disposal of the government inadequate. Hardy colonists from Norway and Sweden, with their instinct of freedom, would hardly like to be rated in public consideration as peons.

Chili is fairly well provided with railroads. These work their way across the country, and considering how thinly populated is Chili, the travel is large. Roads parallel with the coast are not many nor extended. On her land side the ridges of the Andes guard Chili from the Argentine Republic, for that sister state stretches along for some 2000 miles. On the sea side absence of harbors is Chili's protection, in one sense, while such an extended shore is not.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

SAILING A TORPEDO-BOAT ON THE HIGH SEAS.

THE United States torpedo-boat *Cushing*, Commander Winslow, which recently arrived at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, where she is to be fitted out with torpedoes, is a little craft which any nation might be proud of counting among her fleet. Should this country be forced into a war with Chili, the *Cushing* would undoubtedly take a prominent part, as we are living in a torpedo age where the microbe destroys the monster. Moreover, I am convinced that the *Cushing* would make quite as glorious a record as the little French torpedo-boat which on August the 23d, 1884, sent China's pride on the waters—the cruiser *Yang-Woo*—to the bottom of the River Minn in less than a couple of minutes. The navigation of torpedo-boats on the high seas is difficult, and becomes very dangerous in a gale or a heavy-going sea. The reasons are that the boats are built narrowly and with very little draught. This is necessary to give them the highest possible speed, on which their success in actual warfare chiefly depends. The dimensions of the *Cushing* are: 130 feet in length, 14 feet and 6 inches in width amidship, and 1 foot and 9 inches right forward. She draws 3 feet 7 inches water, and her depth is about 10 feet. This at once makes it evident that there is not much stowage-room anywhere. Her crew on a long sea-voyage must number at least sixteen men, including three officers; and what with her armament, accommodation for men and officers, engine-room, etc., etc., the coal-bunkers and storage are not large enough to hold sufficient quantities of fuel or provision to last during a long voyage. On the other hand, the dimensions of torpedo-boats are such as to make it impossible to place them on board of larger vessels. If, therefore, a torpedo-boat has to be sent to a far-distant point a powerful ship must accompany her, provide for her wants, and keep her in tow most of the time. On the convex deck, which has no bulwarks, but stanchions at intervals connected by wire ropes to prevent men from falling overboard, there is also little room left, most of it being taken up by conning-towers, chart table, a dingy, and usually a number of coal-bags.



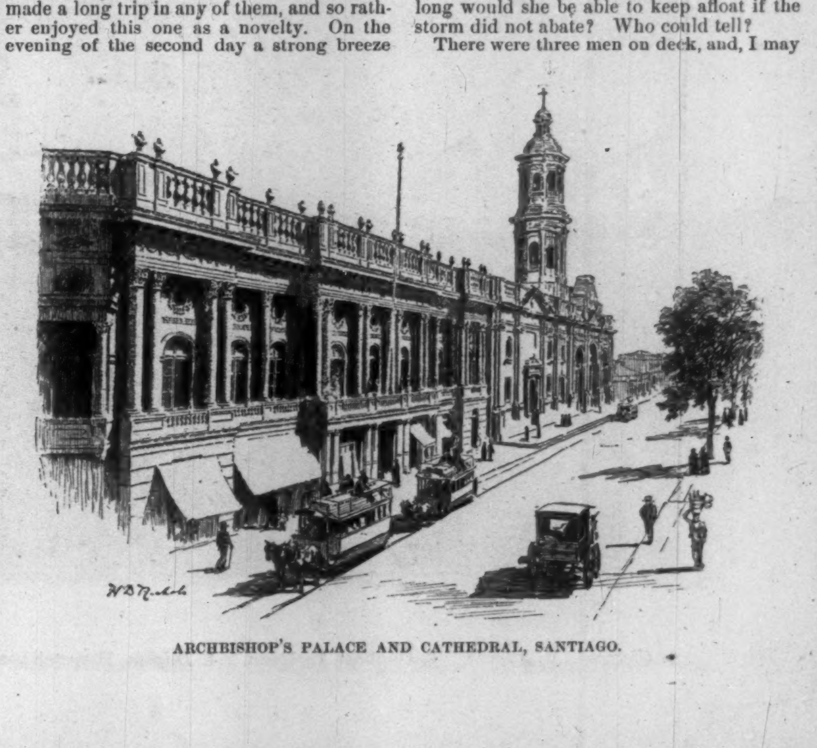
CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, SANTIAGO.

No one except a man who has sailed a torpedo-boat on the high seas can imagine what a hardship it means to the crew, and how dangerous a task it is in bad weather.

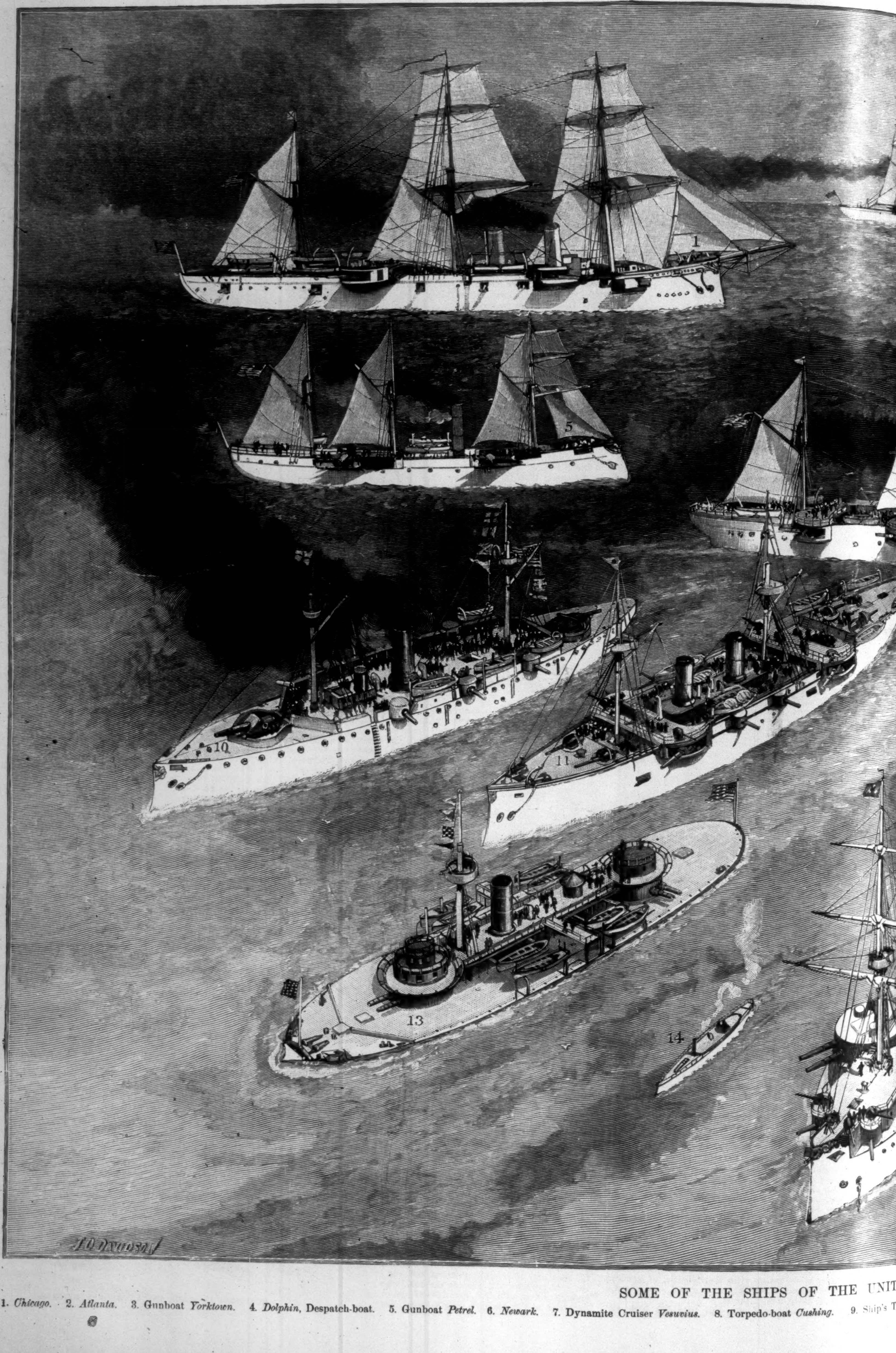
But let me relate my experience. In June, 1885, the cruiser *D'Estaing*, then at Formosa, was ordered to take two torpedo-boats similar to the *Cushing* to Saigon. I was placed in charge of one of them, with two brother officers and a crew of thirteen men, including our servant.

The two torpedo-boats were fastened to the *D'Estaing* by a heavy hawser, and gladly did we three steam for our new port. During the first two days we had comparatively fine weather, and though cramped for room, yet we were quite comfortable. I had been on several torpedo-boats before, but had never made a long trip in any of them, and so rather enjoyed this one as a novelty. On the evening of the second day a strong breeze sprang up, and the *D'Estaing* informed us that the barometer was falling rapidly, and that we might prepare for a heavy blow during the night; and blow it did. My watch was from eight to twelve, and when I took it, we had fallen in with a heavy sea. While the *D'Estaing* groaned at every roll, our little craft bobbed up and down like an India-rubber ball, her deck being washed by the sea constantly. A man expects to get wet on a torpedo-boat, and comforts himself with the thought of being able to change his clothes and keep dry in his cabin after his watch is over. By ten o'clock the breeze had increased to a gale. Up and up we climbed over the billowy mountains, and reaching the foam-crowned tops of the waves, we zigzagged down in jerks. Once in a while the pale moon would break through the clouds, revealing a bottomless abyss from which I never thought to emerge. Suddenly there was a short, sharp shock. Like a rearing horse, the little craft raised her bows high in the air, only to come down with a dull sound on the waves a moment later. The hawser had broken, and the waves seemed to keep the vessel in their cold embrace. Will she ever rise again? For a moment I felt as if the boat was sinking deeper and deeper, and drops of cold perspiration ran down my face. At last she rose; but how long would she be able to keep afloat if the storm did not abate? Who could tell?

There were three men on deck, and, I may

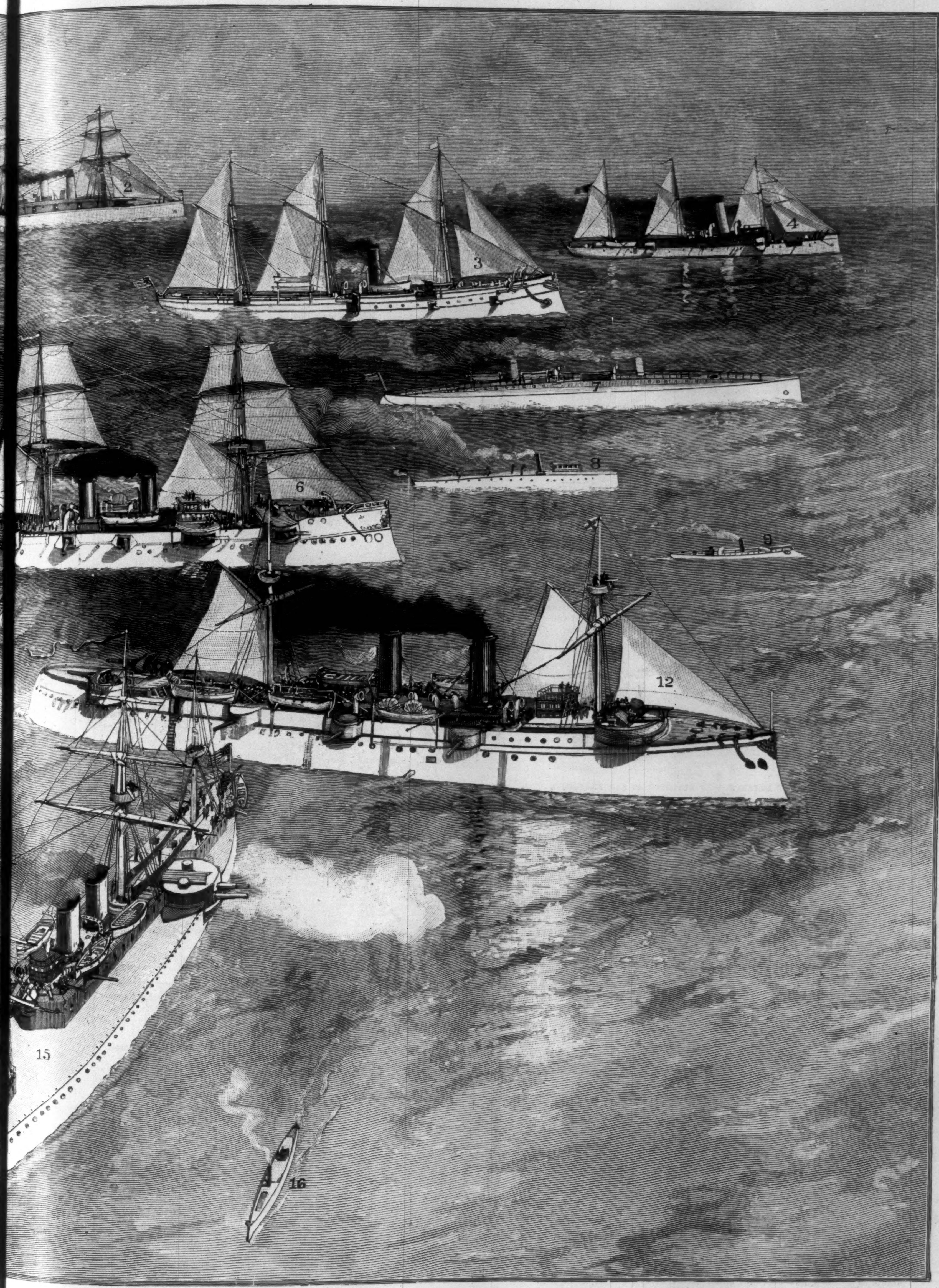


ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO.



SOME OF THE SHIPS OF THE UNIT

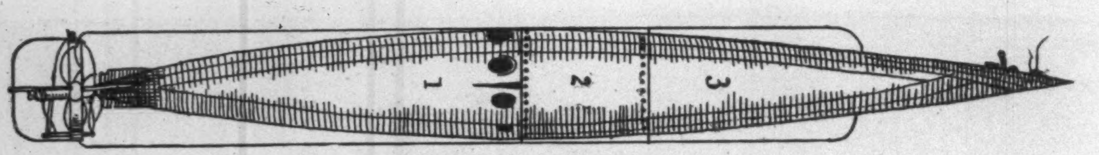
1. *Chicago.* 2. *Atlanta.* 3. Gunboat *Yorktown.* 4. *Dolphin,* Despatch-boat. 5. Gunboat *Petrel.* 6. *Newark.* 7. Dynamite Cruiser *Vesuvius.* 8. Torpedo-boat *Cushing.* 9. Ship's T



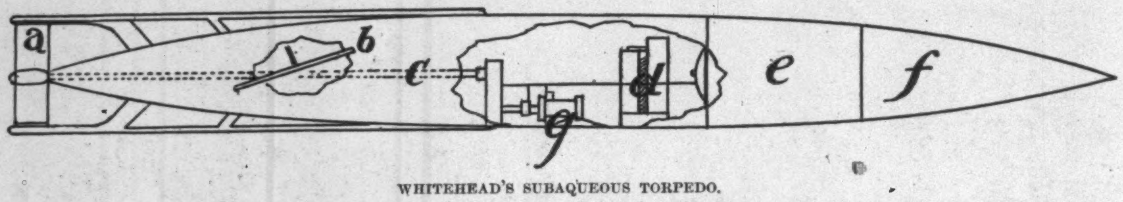
T D STATES NAVY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

T pedo-boat *Stiletto*. 10. *Charleston*. 11. Cruiser *Philadelphia*. 12. Cruiser *Baltimore*. 13. *Miantonomoh*. 14. Ship's Torpedo-boat. 15. Armored Cruiser *Maine*. 16. Ship's Torpedo-boat.

add, every one of them prepared for the worst. Everything on deck that could be smashed was smashed, including the dingy, and stanchion after stanchion had parted. To be safe from being washed overboard, I had life-lines fastened to the deck, and also placed a couple of canvas screens to protect myself and the man at the wheel against the combined force of storm and water.

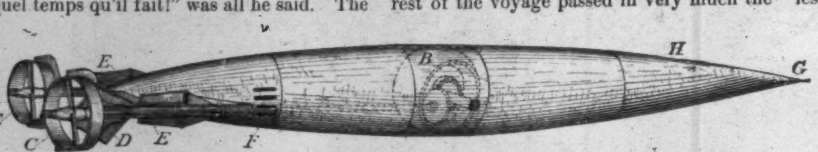


WHITEHEAD'S FISH TORPEDO.



WHITEHEAD'S SUBAQUEOUS TORPEDO.

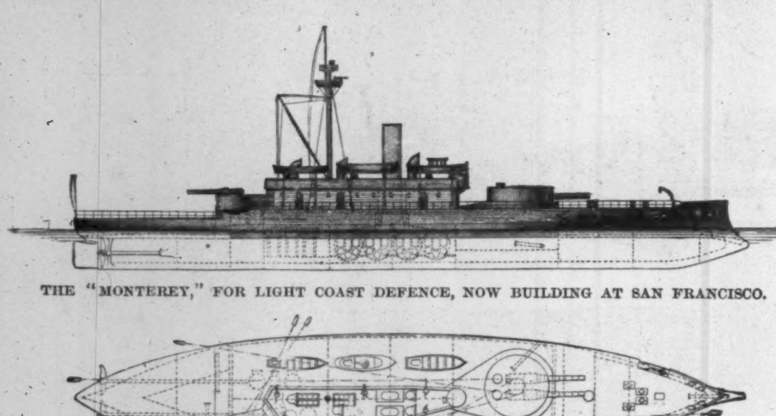
a. Propeller. *b.* Side Rudder (one on each side). *c.* Propeller Shaft. *d.* Regulator for Rudder. operated by Compressed Air. *e.* Air Tank. *f.* Body of Shell. *g.* Motor,



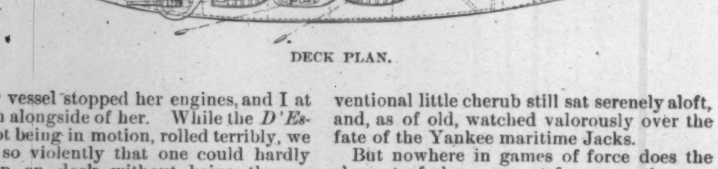
THE HOWELL TORPEDO.

B. Fly-wheel. *C C.* Screw Propellers. *D.* Diving Rudder. *E E.* Steering Rudders. *F.* Water Chamber containing Automatic Apparatus. *G.* Firing Pin. *H.* Position of Gun-cotton Magazine.

It was out of the question to look for any help from the *D'Estaing*, and all we could do was to keep the tiny little boat "head to sea," and to follow as closely as possible in the wake of the *D'Estaing*. It was a little after six bells when the hawser had broken, and the captain of the cruiser, realizing our plight, poured about sixty gallons of oil on the uproarious sea. What a blessing that oil proved! The effect was marvellous. I am convinced now, as I was then, that had it not been for this precautionary measure we would never have been able to go "head to sea," and once broadsided, our sinking would have been inevitable. At eight bells my watch was over, and my brother officer crawled over the deck to relieve me. "Mon Dieu, quel temps qu'il fait!" was all he said. The poor fellow, like the rest of us, suffered terribly from seasickness. Still feeling the effects of seasickness myself, I decided to remain on deck. At the dawn the violence of the storm had somewhat abated, and I went down to my cabin, where I found everything smashed and soaked with water as above. Though the wind did not blow very strongly in the morning, the sea was nevertheless running mountain high, and the managing of the boat extremely difficult. Tired as I was, it had been impossible for me or anybody else to sleep. With great difficulty I managed to get some breakfast, consisting of some conserves, a slice of ham, and some bread. Cooking and cleaning on a torpedo-boat in bad weather are out of the question, so, eight bells being near again, I went on deck to take my watch. A little later I received orders from the *D'Estaing* to run alongside the cruiser for the transfer of coal.

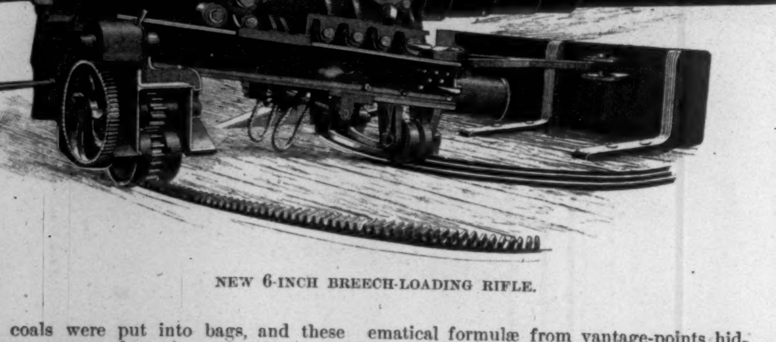


THE "MONTEREY," FOR LIGHT COAST DEFENCE, NOW BUILDING AT SAN FRANCISCO.



DECK PLAN.

The big vessel stopped her engines, and I at once ran alongside of her. While the *D'Estaing*, not being in motion, rolled terribly, we pitched so violently that one could hardly stand up on deck without being thrown down, yet we needed coal, for if we should run into another gale without fuel, it was tantamount to death, so we tried our best.



NEW 6-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

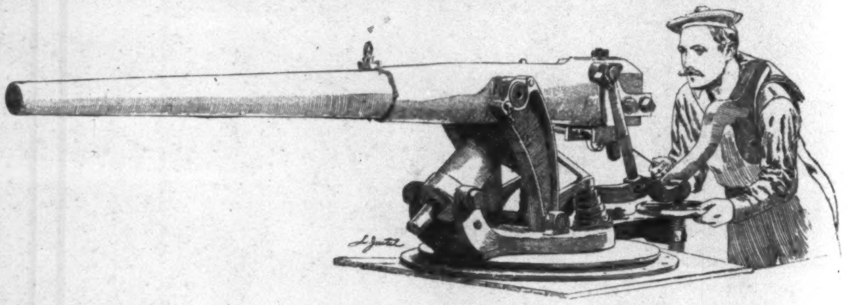
The coals were put into bags, and these swung over to us from the cruiser by means of a derrick. The process was a slow one, as it was difficult to catch the bags at the right moment, on account of the rolling and pitching of the two vessels; finally, however, we succeeded very well, and before we took up our old position in the wake of the *D'Estaing*, we had our coal-bunkers filled and a good many bags lashed to the deck. The rest of the voyage passed in very much the same manner, the weather being bad all the time. We arrived ten days overdue at Saigon, and, need I say, thanked God when we put our feet on shore once more. Later on, the captain of the *D'Estaing* told me that after the hawser had broken, he never expected to see us again.

LIEUTENANT F. DE T. CLOTH,
Late of the French Navy.

THE NAVIES OF THE TWO REPUBLICS.

THE United States have afloat to-day one hundred modern guns, as opposed to a possible twenty five mounted in Chilian ships of war. If the god of battles be on the side of the heaviest artillery, we could, therefore, if this crisis were to be decided by a marine *Kriegs-spiel*, confidently claim that our conventional little cherub still sat serenely aloft, and, as of old, watched valorously over the fate of the Yankee maritime Jacks.

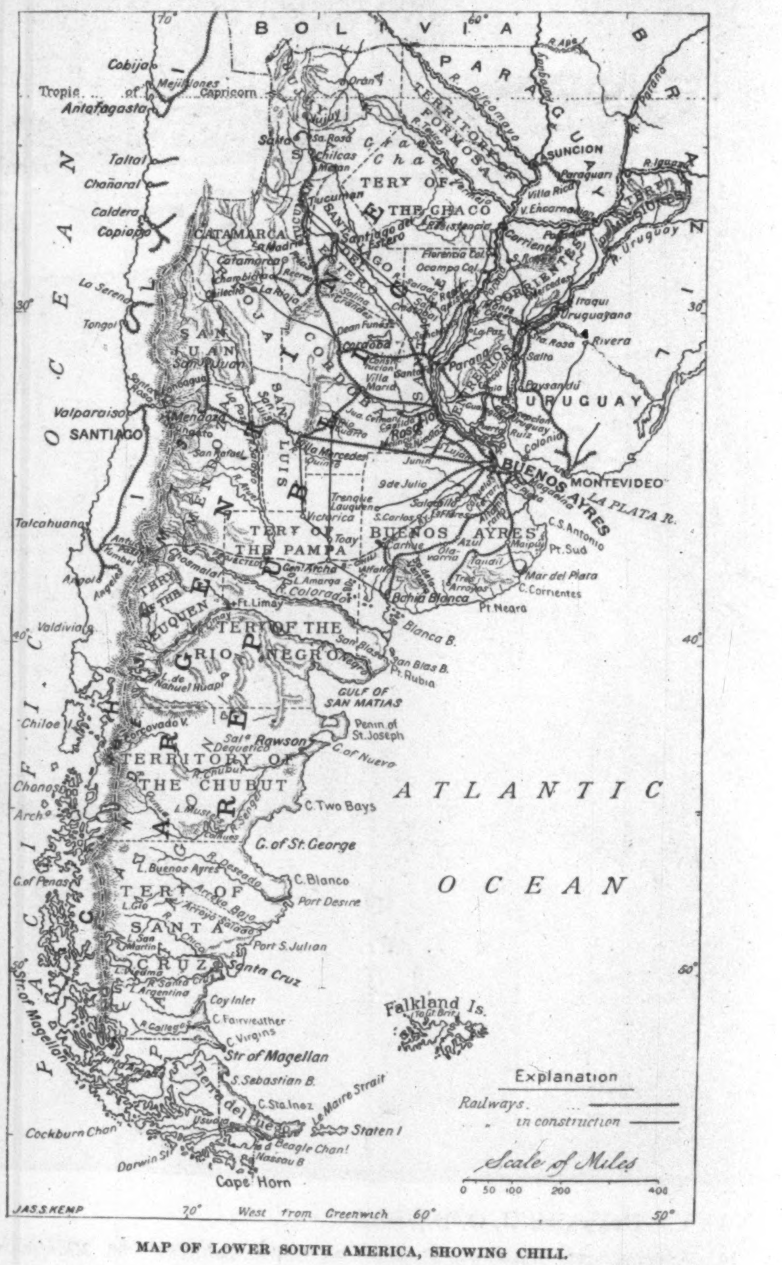
But nowhere in games of force does the element of chance count for so much as at sea, and modern warfare will still be thought and fought out by practical men on the old familiar lines. Ships battling ships by mathematical formulæ from vantage-points hidden by shrouding horizons are the dreams of closet-theorists; and to-day, as in Benbow's and in Farragut's time, the fighting-distance will be well within the range even of the lowest-powered guns. The sailor instinct is to close; if victorious, to push the advantage to the high-water mark; if double-banked or sorely pressed, to essay that one final whack, that one sturdy, perhaps hopeless, but still traditional "twixt wind-and-water shot" which may turn defeat into triumph.



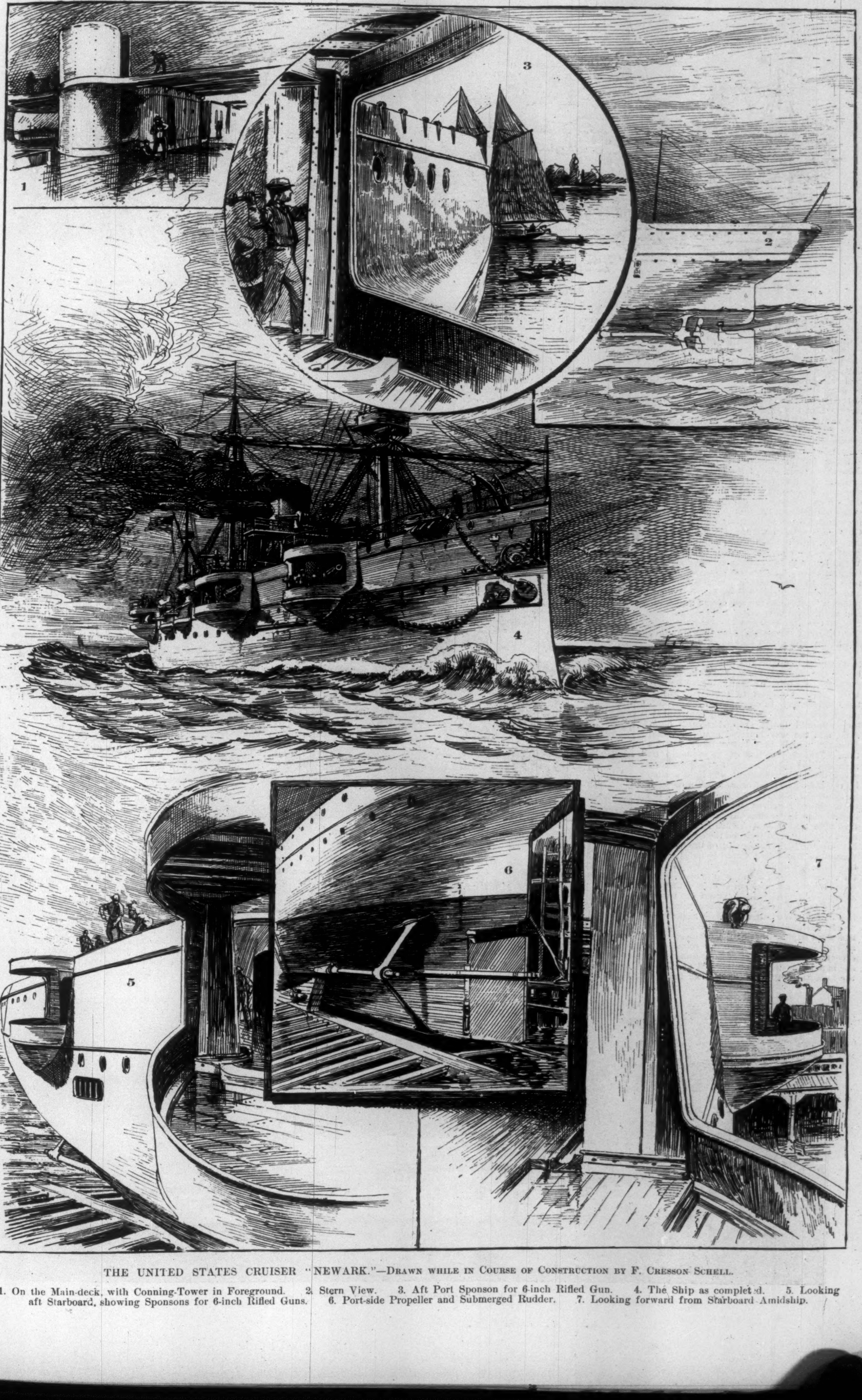
RAPID-FIRING SINGLE-SHOT HOTCHKISS GUN.

The Chilians of the higher class are a high-minded, intelligent, courageous people. The best of them have always been sailors, and as their great experience upon rough waters is united with an instinct for the sea, they are to-day a foe worthy of any maritime people. More than this, their naval officers have had within the past fifteen years a greater experience in successful ocean fighting than any other sea-going class in the world, and when the careless-minded editor is clamoring for a war which keeps him at home to sell the news while our blue-jackets and officers are solving many vexed problems, it is well to remember that if our service is not immediately and universally successful, it will be because the task is far from an easy one.

Of course in the end the United States will surely win. The irresistible logic of short, sharp, and sudden war is on our side, though the brevity of period, the quickness of movement, and that splendid tactical element of surprise must in these circumstances be relative terms owing to the distance between Valparaiso and our nearest possible points of rendezvous. We can be especially proud,

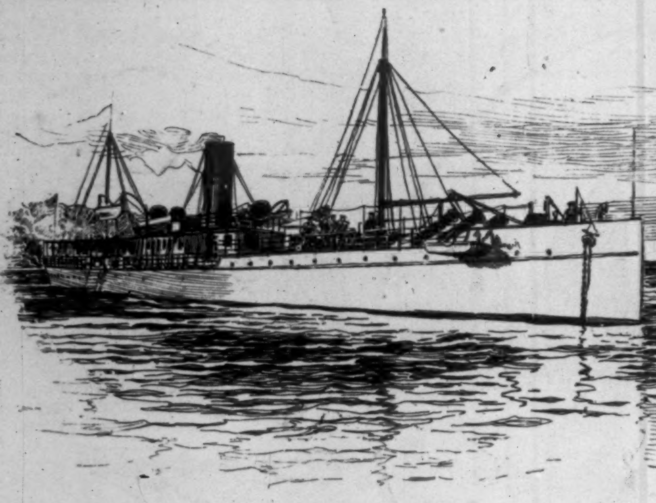

BOLIVIA
PARAGUAY
BRAZIL
PACIFIC OCEAN
CHILI
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
URUGUAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Tropic of Capricorn
Cobija
Mejillones
Antafagasta
Taltal
Chañaral
Caldera
Copiapo
La Serena
Tongoi
Valparaiso
SANTIAGO
Talcahuano
Valdivia
Chiloe I.
Chonos Arch.
G. of Penas
Str. of Magellan
TERRITORY FORMOSA
TERY OF THE CHACO
ASUNCION
CATAMARCA
SAN JUAN
Mendoza
Tucuman
Santiago del Estero
Cordoba
Corrientes
Parana
Rosario
BUENOS AYRES
MONTEVIDEO
LA PLATA R.
TERY OF THE PAMPA
Bahia Blanca
Mar del Plata
C. Corrientes
Blanca B.
TERY OF THE RIO NEGRO
GULF OF SAN MATIAS
Penin. of St. Joseph
Rawson
TERRITORY OF THE CHUBUT
C. Two Bays
G. of St. George
C. Blanco
Port Desire
TERY OF SANTA CRUZ
Port S. Julian
Santa Cruz
Coy Inlet
C. Fairweather
C. Virgins
Str. of Magellan
S. Sebastian B.
Tierra del Fuego
C. Sta. Inez
Le Maire Strait
Staten I.
Beagle Chan.
Nassau B.
Cape Horn
Cockburn Chan.
Darwin Sd.
Falkland Is.
Explanation
Railways
in construction
Scale of Miles
0 50 100 200 400
30°
40°
50°
70°
60°
West from Greenwich
JAS. S. KEMP

MAP OF LOWER SOUTH AMERICA, SHOWING CHILI.

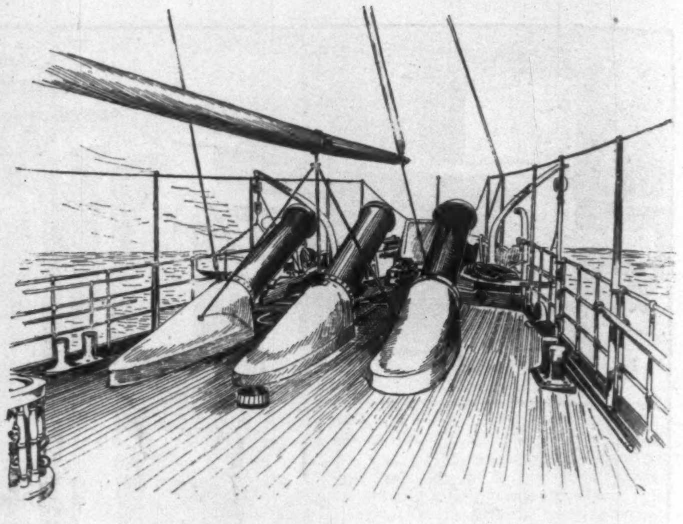


THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEWARK."—Drawn while in Course of Construction by F. Cresson Schell.

1. On the Main-deck, with Conning-Tower in Foreground. 2. Stern View. 3. Aft Port Sponson for 6-inch Rifled Gun. 4. The Ship as completed. 5. Looking aft Starboard, showing Sponsons for 6-inch Rifled Guns. 6. Port-side Propeller and Submerged Rudder. 7. Looking forward from Starboard Amidship.



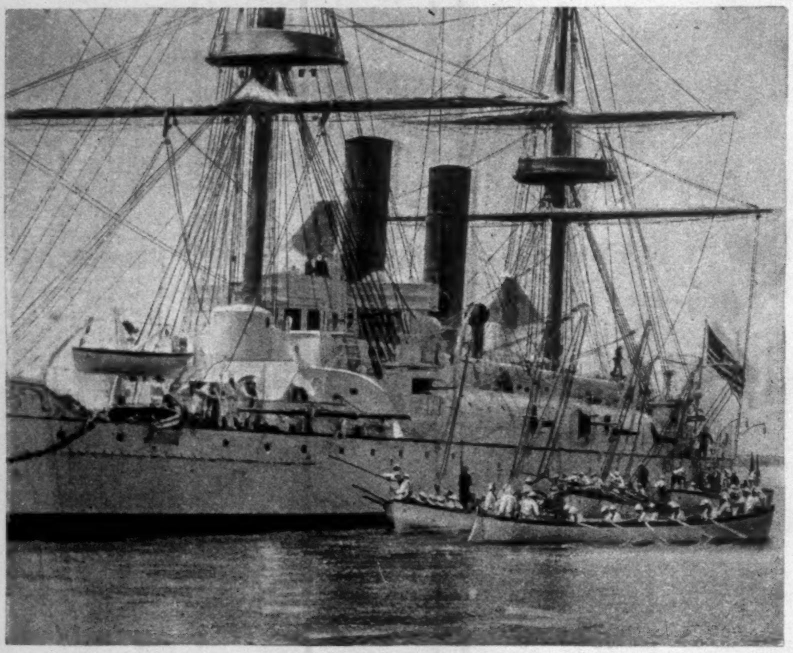
THE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."



THE THREE PNEUMATIC GUNS PROJECTING FROM THE MAIN-DECK.

however, at the outset, of the capital mobilization of our compact but effective fleet. Happily the Navy Department has been blessed by an executive capacity which is exceptional under the stagnant circumstances that piping times of peace are apt to engender; and still luckily the Dock-Yard administration has been such a capital second to the Secretary's office and the bureau's direction, that the bustling, fruitful energy of our navy-yard commandants would abroad have met a recognition in promotion and commendation worthy of the work they have accomplished.

What our administrative officials have done is characteristic of the personnel afloat and ashore; and now that there are guns and ships fit for our officers and men to handle, we can reasonably expect that the successes of our former memorable sea wars will be repeated even against so gallant a foe as Chili. In materiel we are very much better supplied with modern war machines. Our great lack, our crying need, is battle ships. We have not to-day a single armored ship of the first class. The nearest approach to this type are the coast defenders *Miantonomoh* and *Monterey*. The former has just completed a most consoling steam and gun trial, and should necessity arise, could, under convoy, go to Chili, with results eminently satisfactory even to those who deny that Monitors are fit for more than harbor defence. The *Monterey* is being pushed to completion at San Francisco, and as the work is carried on by double sides, there is no doubt that in two months she would be ready for action off Valparaiso. Opposed to these two ships, the Chilians have in commission the second-rate (very second-rate, indeed) central battery armored battle ship *Almirante Cochrane*, and the war-battered armored vessel *Húascar*, which is perhaps more famous than effective. Either of these could be man-handled easily, owing to their lack of speed, defective armament, and light armor, by the higher class of cruisers we now have in Southern waters. At the wharf of the constructors, however, the Chilians have the second-class battle ship *Capitan Prat*, named fitly after that gallant Arturo Prat, who, almost single-handed, boarded the enemy when his ship, the little *Esmeralda*, of the old war, was sinking, and died, sword in hand, before the barbettes of his foe. This vessel is so far advanced that, if the coin is ready—and there is always a question of coin with these struggling republics—she could be turned over to the Chilians by her French builders in a month. We flatter ourselves that should war be declared, we could hold her; but this is a mere paper bullet of the brain—a quip, a fancy—that will not awe her prospective owners from the careers of their humor. If she is paid for and commissioned, and hoists the lone-star flag of Chili, she can hang on for minor repairs, can receive her guns, those long-delayed and dangerous Canets, on the high seas, and no twist or tangle of international law can make France responsible for her delivery. Our best chance would be to catch her upon the outer deeps, and maul her into a mere submerged shell before she got into the fair fighting shape which two months' sharp discipline and experience would give her possibly mongrel crew. This is not magnificent, but it is war, if the phrase may be changed to suit the new problem, for war is a business, and to lick a hulking boy is better than to tackle the athlete with the steel chip upon his shoulder.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "BOSTON."

We are very rich in cruisers. Without adopting the new classification, we have, of the first class, those splendid partially protected fast steamers: *Chicago* (still *facile princeps*, notwithstanding her rig and her less speed), the *Newark*, *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, *Charleston*, and *San Francisco*. In the second class are the *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Bennington*, *Concord*, and *Yorktown;* and in the third, the *Dolphin* and *Petrel*. All of these are modern steel ships, carrying new steel rifles, and of excellent speed, the *Petrel* excepted. Ready to join these without extraordinary delay are the *Montgomery* and *Detroit*, cruisers of the lower second class, and the gunboat *Machias*—all recently launched, and being pushed to completion by long hours of steady work. To round out this show of modern ships we have the torpedo-boats *Cushing* and *Stiletto*, and the special types *Alarm* and *Vesuvius*.

To offset these vessels the Chilians can bring into action the new cruisers *Pinto* and *Errázuris*, which are a little less than the *Atlanta*, and a little more than the *Bennington*, though with alleged greater speed than either. Better than either is the famous *Esmeralda*, which will rank with the *San Francisco*, though in action it is a dollar to an orange, measured by the baker's dozen of modern war chances, that the latter would whip her, even allowing that the conditions of personnel were unconsidered. Next comes a number of torpedo-boats; and then, completing the steel Chilian fleet, those very effective torpedo-cruisers the *Condell* and *Lynch*. We have nothing to compare with these, though if Congress be wise it will heed the recommendations of Mr. Tracy in this year's report, and appropriate money to build a number of vessels of this inexpensive but most effective type.

Grouping all modern vessels, and excluding torpedo-boats, ships unlaunched, and ships so much unfinished as to be unavailable for six months—such as the *New York*, the *Raleigh*, the *Cincinnati*, the *Maine*, the *Texas*, and the *Ammen* ram—our enumeration of the steel and iron relatively modern vessels will read as follows:

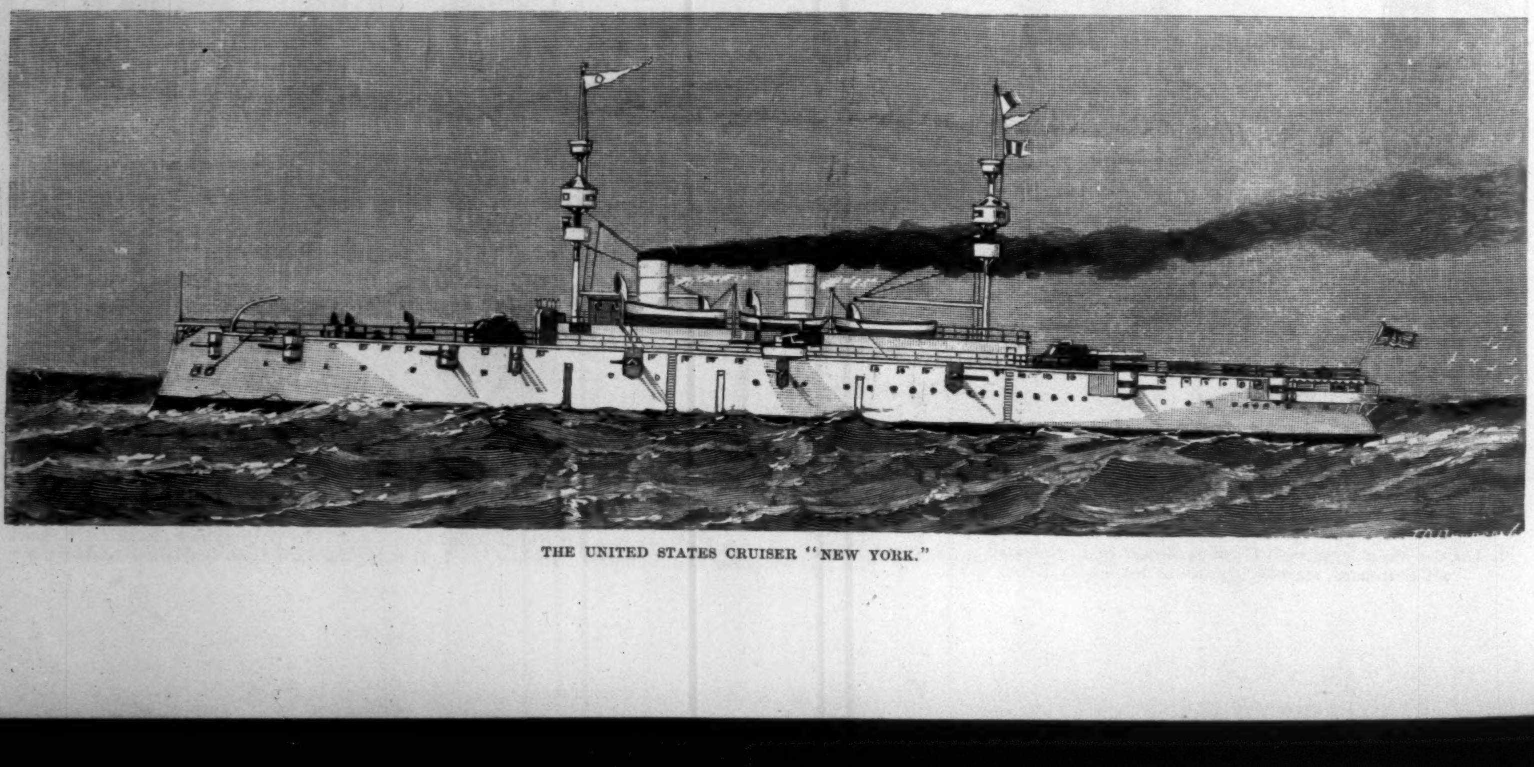
	Chili.	United States.
Battle ships..............	2	0
Coast defenders..........	1	2
Cruisers	3	11
Torpedo-cruisers.........	2	0
Gunboats.................	0	6

The total fleet of Chili, including transports and all types, wood and composite, numbers thirty-four; but, excepting the *Magellanes* and *O'Higgins*, the fighting wooden ships are nearly all "lame ducks," as the sailors phrase it. We have certainly fifteen effective wooden ships, including the two frigates *Pensacola* and *Lancaster*, which are in every way better built and equipped than any Chili could send against them; and as a reserve, on both coasts, a large fleet of merchant-vessels, from which blockaders, fighting, despatch, transport, and torpedo vessels of an excellent character could be drawn.

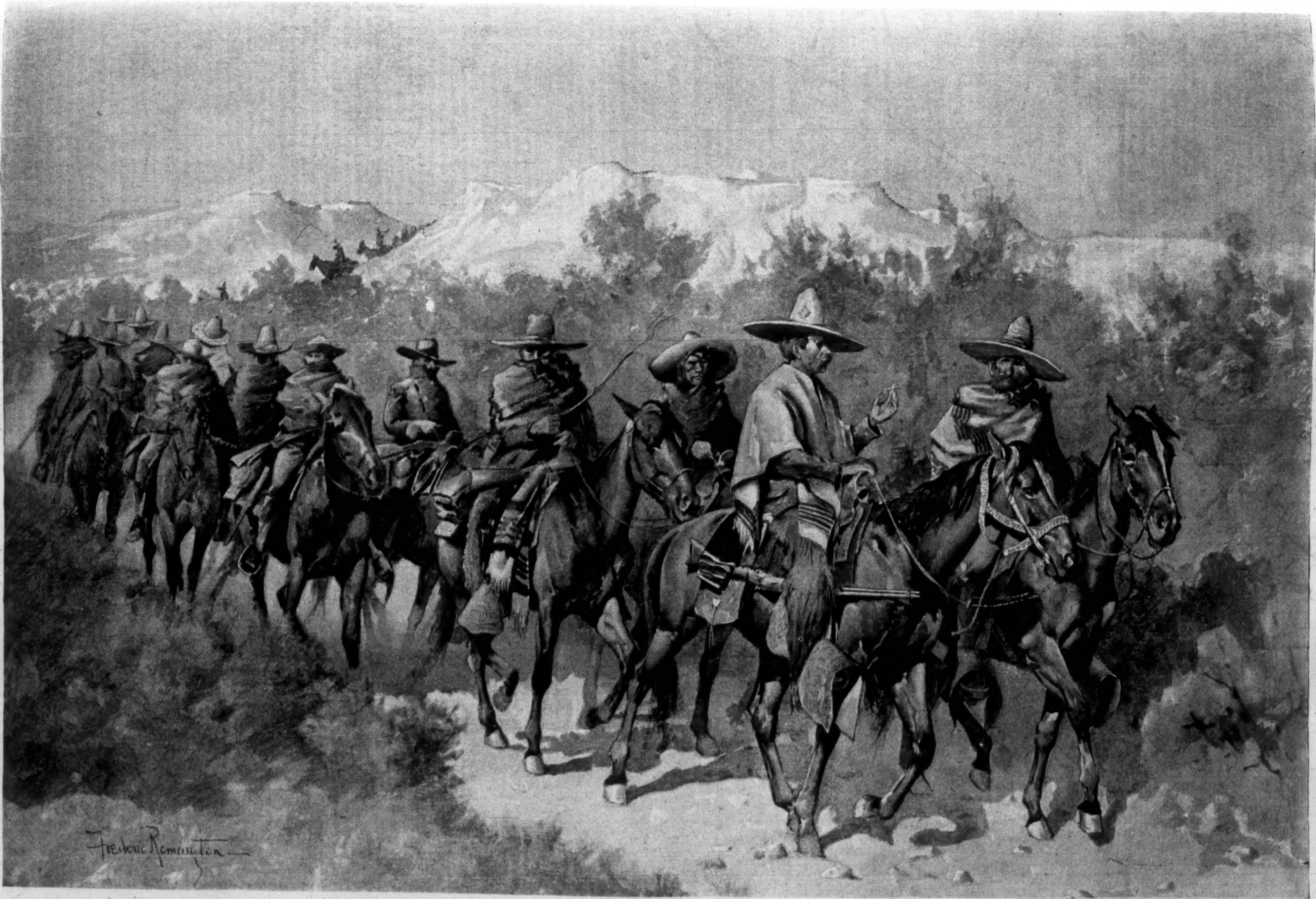
It is stated as a matter of fact that the Navy Department has already in service, or secured by lease or purchase, fifty odd vessels ready for any demonstration it may be called upon to make. The coal and commissariat problems are said to be solved; the volunteers demanded by war conditions ready; so the people of this questioning and doubting country may be certain that should the shock of war come, their just quarrel will be fought with an intelligence and an earnestness worthy of the cause. What is more, the seaboard cities, surely those tasselling the fringe of Atlantic coast, may sleep unvexed, for apart from the offensive fleet there are a number of fairly good iron Monitors of the late war type—a dozen pot-metal vessels in all, with good serviceable guns—which will adequately supplement the torpedo defence, the submarine mine sentries of our sounds, harbors, and rivers.

Of course no theory is more uncertain than the cocksure theory; no international conflicts are so filled with brilliant possibilities for the weaker side as naval wars; and yet, without being cocksure, and without deriding the possibilities which may fall out of the sky to any man of courage and brains, we can be certain that should war come, we are bound in the end to win.

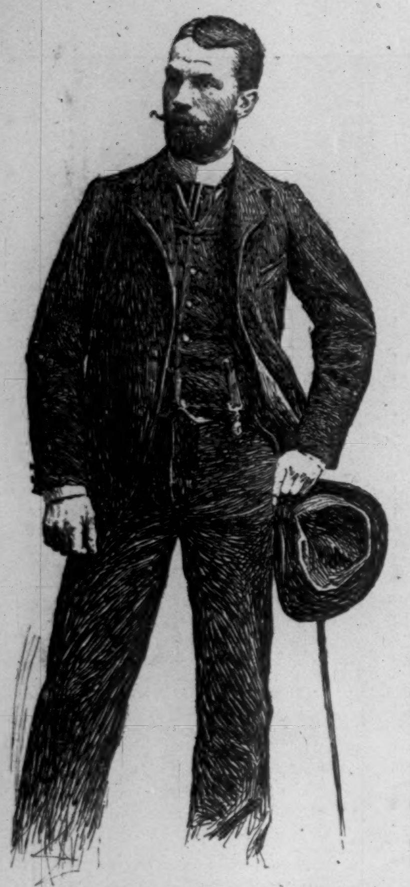
Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."


Frederic Remington

GARZA REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE TEXAS CHAPARRAL.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



KARL BITTER, THE SCULPTOR.

ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTURE.

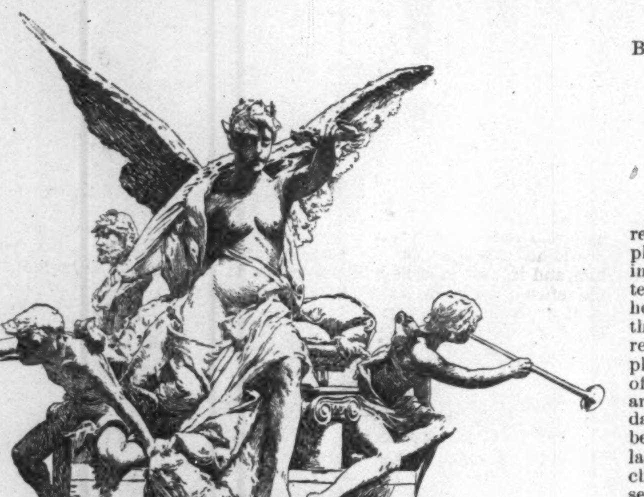
DECORATIONS OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION.

The Administration Building of the Columbian Exhibition to be held at Chicago in 1893 in many ways strikes the key-note of the architectural effects of the great group of buildings. This has already been described in detail in the issues of the Weekly of May 9 and July 25, 1891. The noble dome, 120 feet in diameter and 220 feet in height, will at once attract the eye and give distinction to the ensemble. Greek genius, which gave type and method to the whole evolution of art, found its highest expression in architecture and sculpture, the embodiment of form. These two arts are so closely allied that it seems impossible to divorce them. The friezes of the Parthenon alone, were all other relics of ancient genius lost, would give immortal proof of the supremacy of Hellenic genius. Mr. Richard M. Hunt, the architect of the Administration Building, recognizes the essential value of architectural sculpture in the importance he gives to symbolic groups in the scope of his great design. Several of these are illustrated in the present number. These groups are not purely decorative. They are designed to break the monotony of lines, to harmonize structural changes, and they are radical features in the architectural design. It is only by considering this that they can be fully appreciated. The groups illustrated in this issue are three out of the eight which will be mounted at the base of the great dome. These will symbolize the great forces of civilization which have been developed in the progress of man, in contradistinction from the figures crowning the base of the upper rotunda, which will embody ideals of the attributes of the civilized man as distinguished from the savage, and from those filling the deep recesses on either side of the main entrances, typifying the primal forces of nature in their wild freedom, and as subdued by the needs of man. The entire system of decoration shows evolution from the lowest to the highest in its symbolical design, and is intended to shadow the growth of civilization.

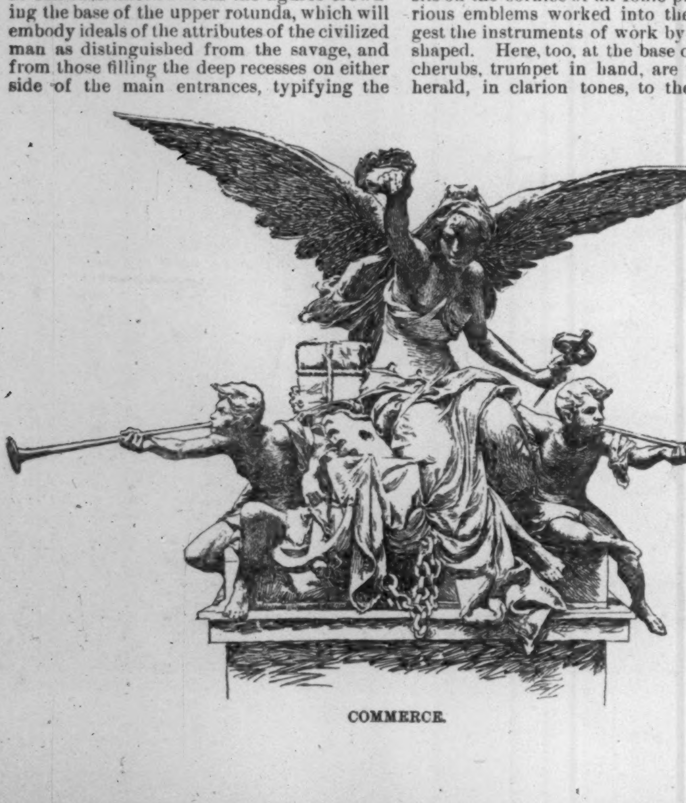
The groups at the base of the dome, illustrated in the present issue, embody the ideals of War, Art, and Commerce. War is suggested in a group of three figures. Bellona sits on a cannon, helmed and buskined, with great wings outspread, one hand raised, grasping a laurel wreath, the other supporting a furled banner. The attitude is one of instant flight, repose alert for swift action, the expression that of stern vigilance. Two minor figures on bended knees at the feet of War, cherubs with trumpets raised to their lips, may be supposed to allegorize the placable spirit which prefers possible peace, and the prompt dignity which is ready to resent insult by an appeal to arms.

It will be observed that all these groups are designed primarily with the architectural end in view. The sites of their position are 115 feet from the ground. In the design of the building their function is to connect the straight structural lines of the lower building with the curved lines of the dome. The broken and airy effect of the great outspread wings and of the trumpets projecting from the base not only gives symmetry and balance to each group, but happily carries the idea to a change in structural form. Again, the great elevation makes this plan of group necessary. A solid massive figure or a group closely assembled in its design would at the height be blocklike, and utterly lost in detail. Mr. Karl Bitter, the artist, has embodied Mr. Hunt's plan, with due regard to the first purpose of sculptural effect in architecture as well as to his own symbolical ideals. This accord of purpose compels some uniformity in the main features of grouping in all the sculptures at the base of the dome to attain the results of broad, broken, and airy effect.

The group representative of Art, as has been intimated, shows the same main characteristics. The beautifully modelled female figure, nearly nude, has also outspread wings, and the hands, gracefully raised, support a palm branch resting on the shoulders. She sits on the cornice of an Ionic pillar, and various emblems worked into the detail suggest the instruments of work by which art is shaped. Here, too, at the base of the group, cherubs, trumpet in hand, are supposed to herald, in clarion tones, to the world the worth of the mission of art. Again, in the group embodying Commerce, we find a similar plan of composition. The central figure, with wings unfolded, sits on a pile of corded bales and boxes, one raised hand holding a wreath, the other depressed, grasping the caduceus wand of Mercury, giving the power to circle the world at a bound. The cherubs, too, blow their trumpets at the feet of the genius of Commerce, as if to penetrate to the uttermost bounds of barbarism, and to convey the first tidings of that civilization which always begins through the medium of trade.



FINE ARTS.



COMMERCE.

The monotony of the main principle of grouping, made imperative by architectural need, is happily broken by differences of expression and attitude, and the minor strokes of effect in garb and treatment. For example, Art is nearly nude, while Commerce and War are largely draped, and the emblems of function are skilfully differentiated. To preserve the main purpose of these sculptures, and yet to indicate the individual thought involved in each, was a difficult problem, but it has been skilfully solved by the sculptor. Mr. Hunt expresses his keen pleasure in the success of the sculptural effects which complement his plan.

Richard Morris Hunt, president of the American League of Architects, represents a reputation and personality so widely known in the United States and abroad that it scarcely needs the trumpets of the cherubs that decorate his building to bruit it forth. The splendid public and private structures which he has designed furnish enduring monuments of his genius, and his last structure, in the Columbian Exhibition grounds, is fully worthy of his art rank. A Green Mountain boy by birth, his earlier ambition was for a military profession, for which his temper and instincts would seem to happily fit him. The energy and fire of his conversation reveal that state of mind wherein thought is always alert to flash into action. Mr. Hunt went abroad at the age of fifteen to study and travel in Europe; and his tastes rapidly crystallized in the line of that work which has always been, in the best sense, a labor of love with him. He studied in *L'École des Beaux-Arts*, in Paris, and under Hector Lefuel, architect to Napoleon III., and he made extensive tours through Europe and the East in search for the secrets of architectural effect. On returning to Paris, M. Lefuel made him an inspector of public works in his bureau, and it was under his supervision that the new building connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries was planned and constructed. On returning to his native land, in 1855 (for he was thoroughly tired of the Old World, and longed for his native soil after an absence of twelve years, though his prospects in France were of the most flattering kind), he was engaged for a time on the Capitol extension at Washington. Since that time Mr. Hunt has attained a professional rank and practice which, it need scarcely be said, place him in the front line of the magnates. It is not now necessary to catalogue the notable things he has done, for they are graven in colossal characters. Mr. Hunt is an enthusiast in his profession, and discusses it with a zeal and ardor which show how thoroughly he believes in the artistic future of his own country. Art genius seems to have been hereditary in his family, for his brother William Morris Hunt was one of the most distinguished of American painters. Mr. R. M. Hunt has the finest architectural library and collection of casts, photographs, etc., in this country, and at his death these will go to a public institution.

Mr. Karl Bitter, whose genius was promptly recognized by Mr. Hunt while he was yet working in a subordinate capacity, is an Austrian, born in 1857, and is still in the early thirties. He was educated in the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, where he spent four years of hard preliminary work. Like all of his countrymen, he was compelled to serve in the army, and this made a great gap in his artistic life. On being released from service, the young sculptor practised his art for a time in Vienna and Berlin, and four years ago came to America. He was for a short time engaged in the employment of the firm of Ellen & Kitson, but his ambition and energy rapidly freed him from the necessity of under-service. It was at Mr. Hunt's suggestion that Mr. Bitter competed for the panel-work on the bronze doors of Trinity Church, donated by William Waldorf Astor. He succeeded in the competition, and the work on the main door was assigned to him as the best among a multitude of striking designs. It was but natural that the architect should have selected Mr. Bitter to make the architectural groups for his noble building in Chicago. These will reach some thirty in the aggregate, and they are rapidly on the way to completion.

A TOAST.

THE KNIGHT TO HIS FICKLE LADY.

I will toast thee, fair maid, in a bowl of the finest
  Canary we won from the rebels in Spain.
Let the winds bear me witness, thou art the divinest
  Of creatures a knight ever battled to gain.
  The winds will repeat, then forget it again.

Though I flaunted thy sleeve at the gates of Granada,
  And held thee the fairest, the truest, the best—
Ay, proved it to many a Southern *bravada*,
  Who lay on the ground with my lance at his breast—
  I find that another now doth thy behest.

And to-day in the tourney I meet my successor—
  He claims among maids thou art truest of all—
I ride at the sleeve of which he is possessor,
  To catch it and hold it aloft ere he fall,
  Then place both thy sleeves on his bier in the hall.

So, at rest in his armor, thy poor blinded lover
  May dream that both arms thou about him dost throw.
But the world which will stand at his side shall discover
  How false was his challenge, how empty the show—
  What he who will die for thee never will know.

Flavel Scott Mines.

CHILIAN BEAUTIES.

While the general thought of to-day in regard to Chili has a bellicose tendency, it is pleasant to turn to a more peaceful subject in connection with the little republic. It matters not how rough the heart of man may be, he is generally susceptible to beauty, and thoughts of a more gentle conquest may reign when we forget the men in the contemplation of the women of Chili. The races of the North, who are for the most part fair, are prone to acknowledge the beauty of their dark-eyed Southern sisters. The standard of beauty may not be so high—that is, it may lack the regularity of feature that is so charming, the classic simplicity which possesses a grace of its own—but the women of the warmer latitudes have a certain coquetry that is more or less irresistible. Especially so is it in the case of the creole and Spanish types which are found in Chili. The women all affect the black shawl, or *manta*, and this is the regulation morning and church attire, no woman ever going to mass without this simple wrap. Some travellers go so far as to assert that it is this *manta* which lends so much charm to the wearer, and makes her attractive, while without it she might not receive a second glance. This may be true; but no matter how beautiful Carmen might be, there would be something lost throughout the entire opera did she not wear her *manta*. Those who have seen Carmen can appreciate the charm of the women of Chili, in whose veins runs the Spanish blood. There is coquetry in every motion, suggestive of sly exchange of notes at the church porch, under the eyes of the watchful duenna. In Chili, however, the women do not suffer the tiresome chaperonage that is undergone by their Spanish sisters; but perhaps that is one of the advantages of a republic. Why, they even have women as street-car conductors, but it must be said that the *manta* does not play a part in the collection of fares, which is commonplace under any circumstances. The women were put on during the war with Peru, when men were scarce, and all needed at the front. These conductors, however, are many of them very attractive, and the youth of Valparaiso is not inclined to sit inside the car while a pretty young woman stands on the outer platform. The Saxon type is not uncommon in Chili, but one cannot reconcile the idea of their special dress under such circumstances, and the best examples of Chilian beauty are distinctive. One is apt to bestow unqualified admiration upon the examples given in the picture; and though faults be hid by the black shawl, the wearing of it lends a bit of poetry and charm. A true poem leaves something to the imagination, and there are some misguided men who would characterize admiration for beauty as mere poetry—or imagination.

AMATEVR·SPORT

THIS DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN ACCUSED of being "hard" on the Harvard Athletic Committee. But not by any one who has read it attentively, not carelessly, and is thoroughly informed on the subjects handled.

Are there, then, those among our readers who must undergo a surgical operation before appreciating the sentiment of this department? Must we repeat the time-worn saw that we frequently chide most those of whom we are the fondest?

We have criticised many of the Harvard Athletic Committee's actions in the past year or two, but we have never taken the committee very seriously, believing their peccadilloes to be the mistakes of a big impulsive boy with a fancied grievance, which a little time and calm judgment would explain away.

The developments of the last few weeks appear to have justified our opinion.

No, we are not "hard" on the H. A. C. We are simply interested in what it purports to govern, and sometimes see a little farther into the future than it appears to, that's all.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE CURIOUS IDEAS as to what constitutes a joke. It was rather inopportune that just as the pipe of peace had made the circuit of the heap big college Injuns, a surreptitious attempt should be made by one of the crimson-bedecorated chiefs in council assembled to mix gunpowder with the soothing weed. Happily the fire smouldered, and no bowl exploded to scorch the eyebrows and ruffle the temper of the complacent smoker. It will be just as wise, however, to let well enough alone. Another time it might explode, and turn the mutual-admiration powwow, with its peaceful smoking, into an indignation meeting accompanied by a war-dance of the first magnitude. May we again be permitted to suggest that there be less "governing," and more confidence exhibited in the captains' ability to carry on negotiations.

THERE IS EVERY LIKELIHOOD of a final settlement of Princeton-Harvard-Yale baseball dates, and an arrangement for football between the first two, in the coming week or ten days. The failure of the captains to meet Saturday before last at the Windsor was due to several matters remaining open for discussion between Yale and Princeton that must be disposed of before the three meet for final agreements. It has been the wish of both Yale and Princeton that special students should not be permitted to play on teams until they had been at the university one year. Harvard has not been in favor of such a ruling, and would not agree to it were it brought up in the coming conference.

SO FAR AS THAT GOES, however, there is not likely to be any falling out, for though Yale and Princeton have talked a great deal over it, and strongly favor its acceptance, they know of Harvard's objection, and will not make the subject a deciding issue one way or the other. At the same time the passing of such a rule would be vastly to the advantage of college athletics. Another point that Yale and Princeton both desire, but will go into the meeting prepared to make no determined stand for, is the triple baseball league. The one wise and "long-headed" stand Harvard has made in the last two years, amid the many foolish ones, is the declaration to enter no more leagues. It may not be in accordance with the views of many of the *alumni* that follow these matters, but careful study of present tendencies and close scrutiny of the future must convince all that exclusive leagues which claim to decide the "championship" are unhealthy, and before long certain to become fallacious. How many years will it be before we may be chasing the baseball championship, for instance, all over the country? Is there not always the possibility in coming seasons that a football eleven may come from Ithaca, from Ann Arbor, or even from far-off Berkeley (University of California), expert enough to win from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton? The strong play of Cornell last year attests how rapidly are the colleges of the country improving their play. Even at this day it is by no means certain that a Harvard or Yale eight-oared crew could defeat Cornell. It is natural, of course, that the athletes of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, as being the three oldest and largest universities, should care more for victories over one another than over any other college, and it is quite right they should have inter-university contests to be arranged for a term of years, but the "championship" should be dropped except so far as concerns their immediate relations one over the other.

ALTHOUGH TOO EARLY in the season to talk of winners, or even judge of the mettle of candidates, the prospects, generally speaking, in track athletics, baseball, and rowing are bright for a well-filled field and determined contests. In the baseball field the chances between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton appear to be even, with a slight balance in favor of the first. Harvard had a tip-top nine last year, and all the men are back again except Dean and Alward. These include L. A. Frothingham (captain), r.f.; B. W. Trafford, 1st b.; Bates, p.; Cobb and Upton, c.; Cook, 3d b.; F. W. Hallowell, c.f.; F. H. Hovey, s.s. Aside from having back seven men of the old nine, there are twenty-five candidates, and several of them good enough to make the old men work hard to retain their places. Considerable is expected of Highlands as a pitcher, and Corbett, Cabot, and F. Mason are all trying for catcher. Most of the men are, as usual, unknown quantities, and there has been no opportunity thus far of telling what they can do. The work being done just now by the candidates at all the colleges consists merely of gymnasium exercise, and none of the old men will start in work until about February 15th. Practice in the cage by the battery and by the men in sliding, etc., will come a little later, when muscles have been hardened a bit.

NEITHER PRINCETON NOR YALE is so well off in the return of old players. The former has lost, besides Payne at l.f., four of the best men of her champion team—Dana at first, Durell at second, Knickerbocker at short, and poor, dear Brokaw, who was drowned last summer. But Princeton still has Young, who is a phenomenal pitcher, and is sure to make a very able captain. He will not readily find a back stop to handle his delivery as did Brokaw. Brown, who was seen in the field a part of last season, may go behind the bat. Wright and Ramsdell will probably be in their old places in the field, and King, who was at third, will play there or at second. Two old men are Drake and Spooner. Of the candidates, A. Young is a very promising in-fielder and batter; slow, but sure. Of the others, nothing can be said except that they are a likely-looking lot.

YALE IS A BIT BETTER off than Princeton in having back again several of her strongest players, and a couple of substitutes who were quite as good as the regular. The severest loss is Calhoun at second, the greatest all-round second-baseman Yale ever had. Poole, back stop, was a very valuable man, and a hard one to replace, though Jackson gave an occasional glimpse of good work last season in the games he played. Owsley is also gone, but L. Bliss is on hand, and will take care of third base. Cushing and Parker, centre and right field, are also gone. Bowers will pitch, and can be counted on to show considerable improvement over last year. He is not a brilliant pitcher, but very steady, and proved himself to be a valuable man in last, his first, season. Case will look after one of the field positions in good shape, and Kedzie may go on one of the bases or into the field. Beall may also take a base, possibly second. McClung will of course take care of first base, and take care of it well. He has said he would not play again, but the team will need him, and in that case he will not persist in his refusal. Murphy, the captain, will play at short, as he did last year, and is sure to make considerable of a reputation in the place. He is a very brilliant player, and made an excellent record in his Freshman year. He is a hard worker, and will undoubtedly get out of his men all the work they can stand. There are about thirty-five candidates, more or less unknown, and all at work hardening up their muscles.

HARVARD'S BOATING OUTLOOK was never so bright as it is for '92. For the last two years the policy governing the crew has been defined; advisers, coachers, and candidates have all worked in harmony, with the single purpose of putting out a winning crew. The results of the good work are well known. The boating history of Harvard is familiar to the readers of this department; its early struggles, vacillating course, change of policy, are all known to us all. About three years ago light began to dawn upon the darkness of conflicting powers, and in '90, practically the first year of deliverance from the professional stroke, the Harvard crew made a good race with Yale, and gave great promise of better things to come. Last year those early promises were fulfilled by a crew rowing in fine form, and beating Yale out of sight, or literally by twelve lengths. This year the candidates are already at work, and general enthusiasm pervades the entire boating department. But the best part of all this is that Harvard boating has at last settled upon a substantial basis of operation. After costly experimenting, the powers that be have finally grown to realize the absolute necessity of choosing a defined policy and adhering to it. There will be no more experimenting with untried strokes; no more coachers with wonderful new methods taken up; no more forsaking the substance for the shadow; the will-o'-the-wisp has been followed for the last time; henceforth it will be for old Harvard and victory. It is for this spirit more than the mere winning at New London last June that every Harvard man, from undergraduate to gray-bearded *alumnus*, should rejoice to the fullest.

IT IS SO EARLY in the season's work that little can be judged of the new candidates. There are several whose names are more or less familiar in Harvard athletics; one or two that have played football; but they have been in harness so short a time that any expression of opinion would be the merest guess. Of those of last year's winning crew available are—besides Kelton, the captain, who sat at 7—Powers, the stroke, whose fine judgment in the race gave him instant reputation; Vail, who rowed at 6; Cummings at 5; Lynam at 4; Rantoul at 3; and Newell, bow. Powers has been very sick, and, to make matters worse, his parents are not favorably inclined to his rowing at all. It is possible their objections may be removed; certainly it is to be hoped so, for Powers is a very promising oarsman, and the crew would miss him sadly. It is two to one that he will be found in his old seat later on. Vail is also an uncertain quantity. He played football in the autumn, being a candidate for the 'varsity, and was so battered up that he has been advised not to row this year. However, as he has received no permanent injury, and was a successful oar, it is very likely that he will also be found among the chosen at the proper time.

LYNAM HAS NOT TURNED UP yet, but he is too good a man to lose, and when the candidates get down to business, he will unquestionably answer the call. Just now he is studying hard, evidently with the intention of getting far enough ahead to permit of easier work later. Really the only old men now at work are Newell, Rantoul, and Cummings. The first was put in the bow last year as Hobson's choice, and what he would do there occasioned much uneasy speculation. He proved himself to be one of the best men in the boat. He is the football player, the best tackle, and the surest, hardest tackler on the gridiron field; he is strong and a stayer. Cummings and Rantoul were considered the two poorest men in the boat last year, but were given seats because there were none better. Still, the showing they made was by no means a bad one; it's rather hard to criticise men who were in the winning boat, and the form of them both during the four miles did not differ from the others enough to be especially noticeable. The chief difficulty with Cummings has always been his watermanship; he is very strong, and if he could get a bit more finish, ought to make a valuable man. Rantoul's form is very fair, but there are always doubts as to his being able to stay out a hard race. He is very tall—six feet—and weighs less than 170, but he may broaden out, and strengthen his back muscles this season. At any rate, both men are diligent workers, and will do their best without wheedling and lolly-coddling.

THERE ARE SOME GOOD MEN among the possible candidates. Waters would probably be the best. He pulled in his Freshmen crew, and was the strongest man in the boat. Last autumn he played on the 'varsity eleven, and is reported to have been over-trained. Bond also rowed in the same Freshman boat with Waters, and, like him, played football afterwards. He is now at work in the tank. Another football man is Grant, who is likewise at work. There are about a dozen other candidates besides these, and they are a good-looking, strong set of men.

Kelton will, without doubt, make a name for himself as captain. To begin with, he is the oldest college captain in my recollection, and brings to the position mature judgment and strength. Aside from that, he is a self-made man—a man who has battled his way along the road to learning, and what he has he knows how to appreciate. His election was the just reward of painstaking effort. He will be a strict disciplinarian, but can be depended on to get every pound of effort out of his men. He will be assisted in the coaching by Charley Adams and Harry Keyes—the former to put in the groundwork, the latter for the finishing and polishing. Harvard's boating is in able hands this season, and the prospects are very encouraging.

YALE'S BOATING DOES NOT start out so well. To begin with, the election to the captaincy of a man who has ceased to be a graduate is a confession of weakness. J. A. Hartwell is a good oar, level-headed, and a hard worker, and a better captain could not have been chosen. He required a deal of persuasion, and only in response to the urgent need of his *alma mater* did he accept the honor. Now that he is in, he will leave nothing undone to put out a winning crew. His task does not appear to be an especially simple one, and it will probably grow no lighter as June approaches. He must meet a crew at New London that is certain to be formidable, and the material he has at hand for the purpose is not particularly good. Of last year's crew there are Balliett, Gould, Paine, Heffelfinger, and the two substitutes, Mills and Crosby, now in college. Balliett has been sick and away from college, but he will be found in the boat when the time comes. Gould, who was elected to the captaincy and resigned a short time ago, is another certain candidate, though if he secures a seat it will probably not be at stroke. He was undecided until very recently, but has now declared his intention of rowing. Paine had too much football, and has been somewhat out of condition, but he will very probably make an effort to row if his services are required. Heffelfinger, out of the goodness of his heart and much against his wish, went into the boat last year; probably a team of oxen could not draw him into it this year. He is really too heavy a man. It looks, by-the-way, as though college coachers were rising above the old idea of the desirability of very heavy men. When a man reaches about 185 pounds, he has all the weight he needs for strength.

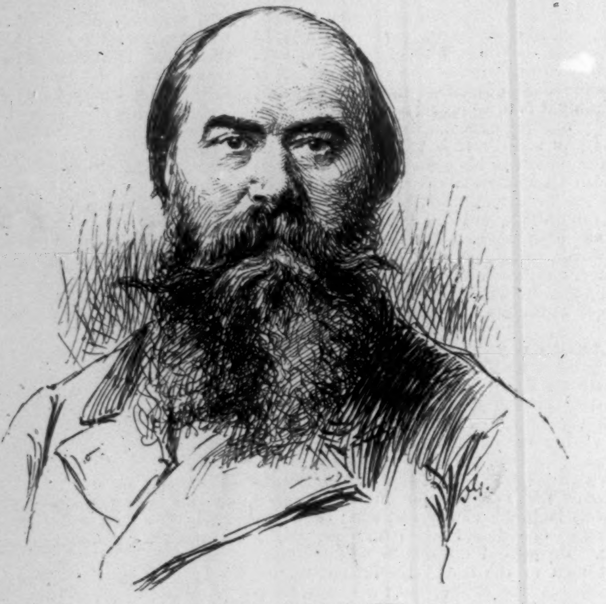
OF THE OTHER OLD MEN, neither Simms nor Hagerman are expected to return, though they could be used to advantage. Crosby will probably make the 'varsity this year, which will even up his rout on the eleven by the silent Hinkey. Mills is not likely to make the crew. There is one man at work in the tank whose daily welfare all athletic Yale watches and guards with painful anxiety—that is, Ives. This is the young man who when a Freshman pulled 7 on the 'varsity, and in the race with the Atalantas stroked the crew to victory like a veteran after the stroke had broken his oar and jumped overboard. He gave every indication of becoming a great oarsman. Yale counted on at least one star. Last year, however, incipient heart trouble brought forth imperative orders from his physician not to row. The absolute rest of one season is believed to have dispelled all symptoms of the disease, and he has started to train. He will get into work gradually, and if really fit and able to go through the season, there will be much rejoicing at Yale, for he is a fine oarsman, and will make an able stroke. In fact, his rowing or not rowing will make a great difference in the strength of the Yale crew. There are about a dozen other candidates, and among them are Swayne, who has pulled on his class crew since his first year, and is a good man, and several of the football men.

IT IS STATED that the in-door athletic championships of the metropolitan division of the A. A. U. decided at Madison Square Garden last Saturday night (and which in last week's issue was mistaken for the regular A. A. U. annual event) were not a financial success. The reasons are apparent, and may be charged to extremely indifferent advertising, and a signal failure to interest to any extent the best class of spectators. It certainly is nothing short of astonishing that men constituting these game committees do not realize that the welfare of amateur athletics, financially and otherwise, absolutely depends on the interest and patronage of the class we find at the college games. Unless the A. A. U. and its large clubs heed the warning I have been sounding for the last five years, they will awaken some day to find the arena boxes and seats filled with the element which now thickens the atmosphere of the galleries. Is it necessary to state what this would mean to athletics under the A. A. U.? (I say "under the A. A. U.," to distinguish it from college athletics, into which the great unwashed does not thrust himself.) It would mean a total loss of the best element, a financial failure at every meeting, and finally the extinction of the A. A. U. as a power of the first class. They do these things better in Boston and Philadelphia. We see the preponderance of the best people at the Boston Athletic Association's games and those at the Academy of Music in the Quaker City. We are not bored to death by cat-calls, tin horns, and stupid badinage between gallery spectators and his fellows in the contest. The presence of all three made Saturday night at Madison Square Garden a bedlam, to which the wretched playing of the band was a fitting accompaniment.

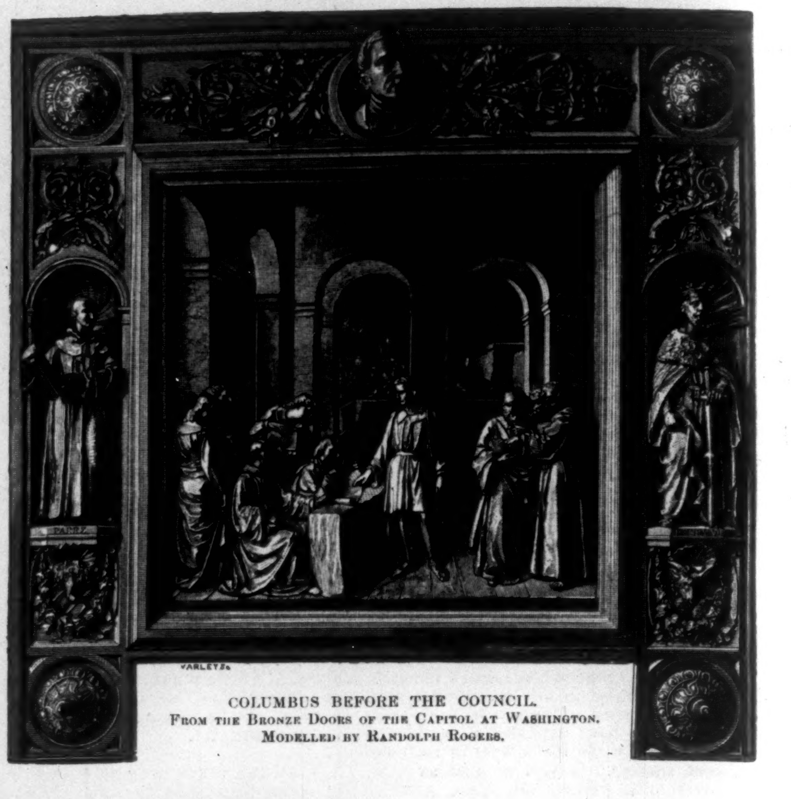
THE GAMES DEVELOPED two men who will be heard from again—H. T. Harding, M.A.C. and Columbia, who won the 150-yard flat handily, and also the 75 yards (though both Vredenburgh and Lee were so close to him in the latter, it looked as though any one of them might have got the decision); and A. P. Schwaner, N.Y.A.C., who took the standing high jump at 4 feet 11 inches, and did 10 feet 10¼ inches at the standing broad, breaking Malcolm W. Ford's record of 10 feet 9¾ inches made in '85. It should be noted that Schwaner had a ledge take off, while Ford jumped from level ground. The former's performance, therefore, is not so good as the latter's. Shearman had no difficulty in taking both walks, and shows he is steadily improving. Turner is also improving, and will be formidable by May; he ran away from Downs in the 600 easily, and was a good second to Dohm in the 1000 yards. Roddy made a good attempt in this event for a man who has been doing no training. Vredenburgh made a fine performance in the 300; he slipped on the turn in the 150, or he would have pressed Harding; he simply ran away from every one, Spellman making a fair second, and Christie third. Downs was not "in it." The race of the night was between George and Hjertberg in the 2 miles. George ran with great judgment, holding the other until the last lap, when his speed on the homestretch made him a winner. George Gray added another record to his many, putting the 20-lb. shot 38 feet 7½ inches, surplanting J. O'Brien's 37 feet. A. H. Green increased the world's (his own) record at pole-vaulting for distance to 26 feet 8¼ inches.

THE CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN wrestling match between the water-polo teams of the Manhattan A. C. and the Metropole A. A., of Providence, Rhode Island, resulting in a tie—each one goal—was a very poor exhibition of the game. The New York A. C. team had simply played with the Metropole men the previous night, winning by four goals to none, and this match was looked to as giving a line on the relative strength of the N. Y. A. C. and M. A. C. They are not in the same class; the N. Y. A. C. play a masterly game, and their team is far ahead of any other. The M. A. C. team is not so good as it was last year; Meffert is the only member who plays water polo. The game requires intelligent study and hard practice.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE LATE RANDOLPH ROGERS.



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.
From the Bronze Doors of the Capitol at Washington.
Modelled by Randolph Rogers.

THE SCULPTOR OF THE DOORS OF THE CAPITOL.

It is not at all singular, neither is it probably without precedent, that a man who passed part of his youth in moulding dough, should perhaps in that medium have found both the way and the means of his first artistic expression. And though almost all children have modelled little figures out of dough, and baked them afterwards, it is worthy special emphasis that the late Randolph Rogers, after Hiram Powers probably the best known of the group of American sculptors who set up their permanent studios in Italy, began his active life in a bakery in Michigan.

It is a long step from the Ann Arbor baker's assistant of twelve, with the artistic inclination already beginning to make itself felt by attempts at modelling and drawing, to the sculptor of the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington and courtly man of the world, who died a few days ago at his villa in Rome, where he had spent half his life, within the shadow of his seventieth year.

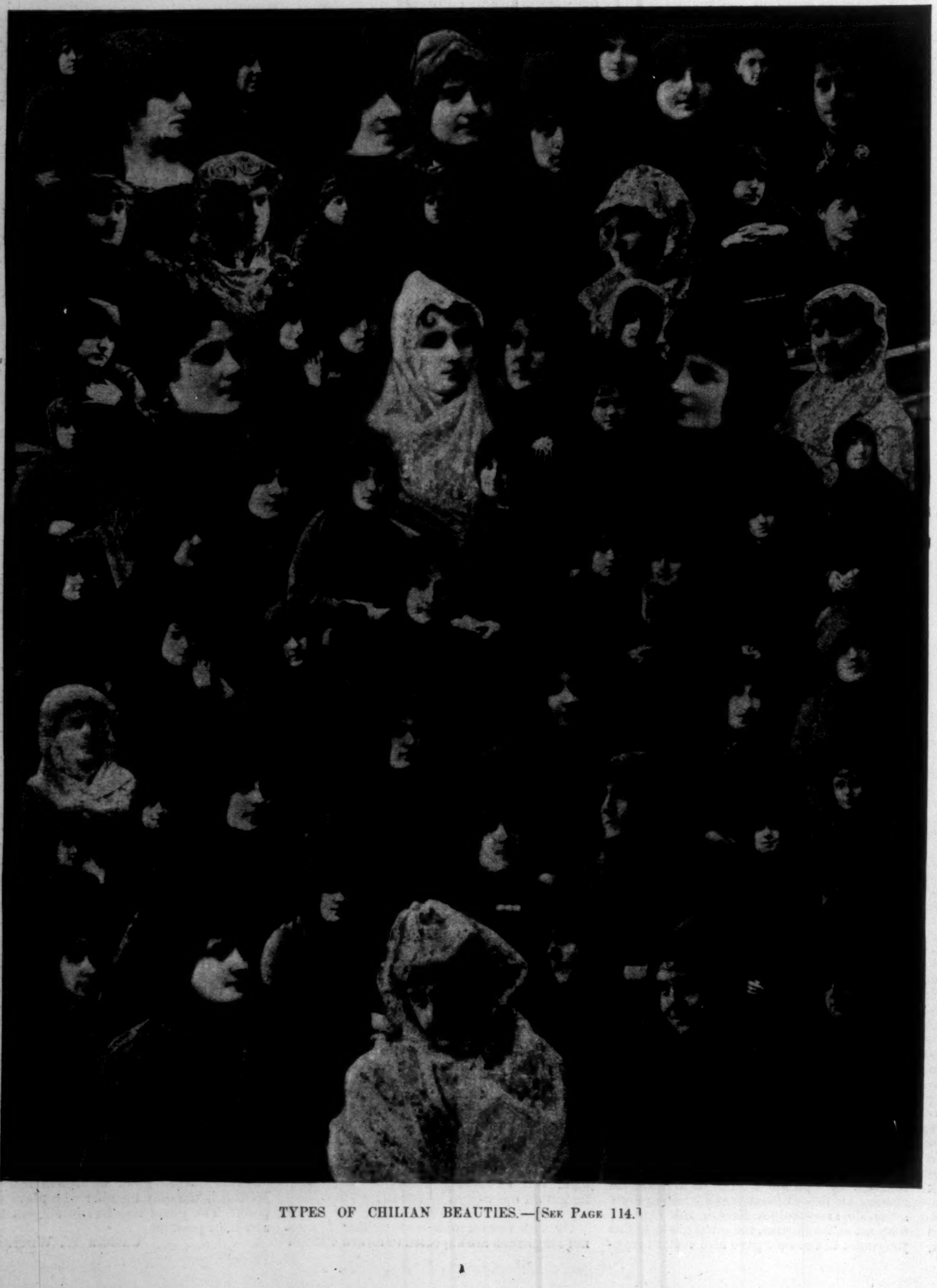
At the age of twenty-two, Lorenzo Ghiberti won in the competition for the bronze doors of the Baptistery of St. John at Florence over Donatello and Brunelleschi. Scenes from the Bible furnished the subjects; and twenty-one years of the sculptor's life of seventy-seven were consecrated to one masterwork, and nineteen to the other. Randolph Rogers's doors for the eastern entrance to the rotunda of the national Capitol, it is needless to say, did not take so long to execute. They were designed and executed in Rome in 1858, when the sculptor was thirty-three years of age, and cast in Munich. They cost the government some $30,000.

But young Rogers did not graduate without the usual evidences that talent will out from the position of a baker's apprentice to that of a student of the art of sculpture. His father had been a prosperous carpenter at Auburn in this State, where Randolph was born; and perhaps there was something inherited in the constructive ability which has been shown in a number of works of monumental character. It was to the liberality of a New York merchant, Mr. John Stewart, Jun., in whose employ the youth had come after holding various clerkships in the West, that was due the final decision on an artistic career. The young man had at that time, while on a visit to his mother at Ann Arbor, modelled a bust of Lewis Cass. He had also in marble a bust of Byron. The discovery of young Rogers's talent and desire led to his reaching Florence before he was far beyond his majority. There he studied under the celebrated Italian sculptor Lorenzo Bartolini, who in his work so cleverly approached the antique, and was the author of the group of "Charity" in the Pitti Palace.

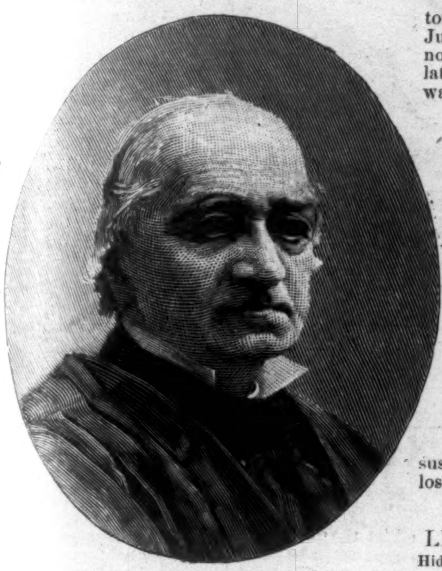
After Randolph Rogers had opened his own studio his first work was a statue of "Ruth." But it was the very popular "Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii," that brought the first solid success. It is said that this work—and the estimate seems large—yielded the sculptor, in itself and in replicas, the large sum of $70,000.

One of the sculptor's most important works was the completion of the Washington monument at Richmond, Virginia, begun by Thomas Crawford. It was originally intended that there should be only an equestrian figure of Washington, and standing ones of Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry. Later Crawford received commissions for statues of Mason, Marshall, and of Generals Nelson and Marshall. These four figures Rogers made from his own designs, as Crawford had left none, and he later added the six allegorical seated figures.

Besides the war monuments he executed in various States—for one of which he received $50,000, and for another $75,000—the sculptor's best-known works are, perhaps, the well-modelled but not picturesque statue of William H. Seward in Madison Square of this city, the statue of Lincoln in Philadelphia, and "The Genius of Connecticut," on the State House at Hartford.



TYPES OF CHILIAN BEAUTIES.—[See Page 114.]



THE LATE JUSTICE BRADLEY.

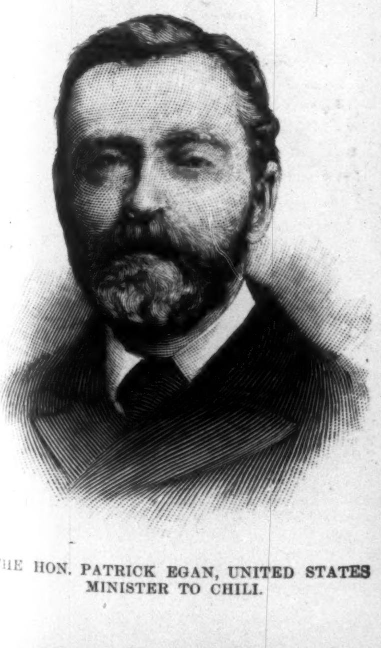
THE LATE JUSTICE BRADLEY.

Joseph P. Bradley, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at his home in Washington January 22d. Judge Bradley was nearly seventy-nine years of age, having been born in Berne, Albany County, New York, March 14, 1813. Francis Bradley, who came from England, and was a member of Governor Eaton's family in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1650, was the first direct ancestor of the late Judge in this country. His father was Philo Bradley, and his mother Mercy Gardiner, who came from Newport, Rhode Island. They removed from Fairfield, Connecticut, in 1791, to Berne, where Philo Bradley engaged in farming. Joseph, who was the eldest of eleven children, assisted his father until he reached the age of sixteen. A library of historical and mathematical works belonging to the elder Bradley supplemented a rather meagre school education, and fitted the youth to become a teacher at sixteen, which position he retained until he reached his twenty-first year. He then entered Rutgers College, having been prepared by a clergyman of his native village, who had taken an interest in the boy. In 1836 he graduated, having won distinction in his studies of mathematics, and again took up teaching for a short while. The young man then began the study of law in Newark, New Jersey, and was admitted to practice in the latter part of 1839. Opening an office in that city in 1840, he engaged in the active practice of law until March, 1870, when President Grant appointed him Associate Justice on the bench of the Supreme Court. At that time he enjoyed a wide reputation as a successful lawyer, and was also connected with several large financial institutions. He was known as an able speaker on live matters, and had a good delivery. Lafayette College conferred the title of LL.D. upon him in 1859.

Upon his elevation to the Supreme Court, he became the circuit justice for the Southern circuit. When Justice Strong was retired he took the third judicial circuit, which he represented until his death. Justice Bradley has filled the bench with honor, and in patent cases, particularly where mechanics were introduced, he showed remarkable ability. A number of cases arising out of the civil war came before him for adjustment, and he earned a reputation for insight and clearness of judgment that has caused his opinions to be highly rated. Forty volumes of the reports of the Supreme Court contain these opinions delivered in a remarkably short time. In politics Justice Bradley has played an important part, having been on the Electoral Commission in 1877. In his early life Judge Bradley had been a Whig, although not an active politician by any means, and later he joined the Republican party, and was one of the Presidential electors in 1868.

In 1862 he had run for Congress in the Sixth District of New Jersey, and was beaten, but beyond this he had little to do with politics. His position on the Electoral Commission, however, was Republican, and he joined in seating Rutherford B. Hayes in the Presidential chair. In 1844 Judge Bradley married a daughter of Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, by whom he had four children—two sons and two daughters—who, with his wife, survive him.

Next to Justice Field, whose appointment was made by President Lincoln, Justice Bradley was the senior member of the bench, as far as term of service went. His death was due to general debility, but his mental vigor was well sustained up to that time, and the court loses a valuable associate.



THE HON. PATRICK EGAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHILI.

LIKE A VENOMOUS SERPENT
Hidden in the grass, malaria but waits our approach to spring at and fasten its fangs upon us. There is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, la grippe, and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.—[*Adv.*]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TOUR TO MEXICO.

The route of this remarkably attractive tour, under the personal escort of the Pennsylvania Railroad tourist system, is very attractive. It leaves New York and Philadelphia February 10th, going, via Cincinnati, Mammoth Cave, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, San Antonio, Eagle Pass, and thence across the Rio Grande to Torreon, Zacatecas, Aguascalientes, Leon, Silao, Marfil, Guanajuato, Queretaro, and City of Mexico, with side trip to the tropics.

Returning, via Guadalajara, Aguascalientes, Chihuahua, Juarez, and thence across the Rio Grande to El Paso, Albuquerque, Santa Fé, Las Vegas Hot Springs, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Denver, and Chicago.

The tour will occupy a period of about forty-two days, and the rate fixed covers every necessary expense during the entire time absent, stops being made *en route* at points designated above.

The rate from New York or Philadelphia, $450. Application for space should be made to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of the hair. Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as cannot be surpassed.—[*Adv.*]

IN 1850
"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and from that time their success as a remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally On Fire with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the

CUTICURA
Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.
☞ "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESSES
Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

Beautiful Teeth, the Crown of Beauty!

When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so.

SOZODONT

is a composition of the choicest and purest ingredients for cleansing and preserving the teeth, hardening the gums, and imparting a **delicate, cool, aromatic fragrance** to the mouth. **Sozodont** has received the most flattering testimonials from many distinguished **Dentists, Physicians, Clergymen,** and others, who have carefully tested its merits, and from long and regular use are enabled to recommend it with confidence.

One Bottle of SOZODONT will last Six Months.

It is an exceedingly economical and inexpensive dentifrice. Purchasers are requested to note the size and fluid capacity of the bottle, and particularly to remember that, unlike *tooth powders* and *tooth pastes*, **there is no waste.**

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

BALL-POINTED PENS
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD
PACIFIC OCEAN
The Pen moves the World
ANTI BLOTTING
FEDERATION HOLDER

Ahead of all others for easy writing.
EQUAL TO GOLD PENS.
For fine writing, - Nos. 506 e.f., 516 e.f.
For fluent " - " 506 f., 516 f., 521 f.
For stub " - " 537 m., 545 m.
Assorted Sample Box, 25 Cents.
Of all Stationers.

Daily tests in card playing countries throughout the world confirm the excellence of the "United States" Cards. Of the many brands issued at our factories the following are adapted especially to Club Games and Card Parties:
Capitol. Sportsman's. Cabinet.
Army and Navy. Treasury. Congress.
Insist upon having them from your dealer.
THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,
The Russell & Morgan Factories, Cincinnati, O.
"The Card Players' Companion," showing how games are played, and giving prices of 40 brands—400 kinds—of playing cards, will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp.

Rae's Lucca Oil
Is unquestionably
"The Perfection of Olive Oil."
The First Analysts in the World pronounce it
Pure Olive Oil.
Established 1836. S. RAE & CO. - - - - - Leghorn, Italy.

Arnold
Constable & Co
LINENS.
Spring Sale.
BARNSLEY SHEETINGS, HUCK TOWELS, TOWELLINGS,
1500 Damask Table-Cloths.
Particular attention is called to this lot of CLOTHS. The purchase was made from ERSKINE BEVERIDGE, the BELFAST LINEN CO., and WILLIAM LIDDELL & CO. previous to the passage of the McKinley Tariff Act, and the Cloths will be offered at prices impossible to be repeated.
4-4 Irish Linens, Pillow Linens, Housekeeping Goods, Quilts, Blankets, & Flannels.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

R. H. MACY & CO.,
SIXTH AVE., 13TH TO 14TH STS.
Encyclopædia Britannica.
(*Allen Reprint.*) Complete in 30 vols. Including 5 vols. of American supplement, bound in half Russia. $34.49.
LARGEST STOCK OF RICH DEEP CUT GLASSWARE IN THE CITY.
We are the only house cutting glass on the premises, thus enabling us to offer this luxury of table ornamentation at far lower prices than any other establishment.
Harness Dep't.
A complete line of every requisite for the Park, Race, Road, and Stable, at prices much lower than any other house.
Catalogue on application. Inspection invited.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS 25 CTS

THE
North American Review FOR FEBRUARY
Contains:
HOW TO ATTACK THE TARIFF,
By the HON. WM. M. SPRINGER,
Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.
A Claim for American Literature.
By W. Clark Russell.
Can Our National Banks be Made Safer?
By the Comptroller of the Currency.
Fires on Trans-Atlantic Steamers,
By the Rt. Hon. Earl De La Warr.
The Duty and Destiny of England in India.
By Sir Edwin Arnold.
TAMMANY HALL AND THE DEMOCRACY,
BY THE HON. RICHARD CROKER.
A Perilous Business and the Remedy,
By the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.
Railway Accidents, By H. G. Prout.
The Opera, By Edmund C. Stanton.
Lotteries, By Anthony Comstock.
THE OLYMPIAN RELIGION—1.
By the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.
The Flour of the Future,
By Erastus Wiman.
Jews in the Union Army,
By Stephen S. Wise.
And other Articles.
Sold by all Newsdealers.

VOSE & SONS PIANOS. ESTABLISHED IN 1851
CELEBRATED FOR THEIR
Pure Tone, Elegant Designs, Superior Workmanship, and Great Durability.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS.
Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.
170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Closes Doors without Slamming or Breaking of Glass.
Prices $4 to $8 each, according to size.
FOR SALE BY
NORTON DOOR CHECK & SPRING CO.,
505 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
AGENTS WANTED.

THE CELEBRATED
SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS
UNRIVALED FOR
Accuracy, Durability, Safety, and Convenience in Loading.
Beware of cheap iron imitations.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue & Price List.
Guaranteed Perfect.
SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

ED PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE

MANUFACTURER
L. LEGRAND
11, Place de la Madeleine, 11
PARIS
General Agents for U.S.
PARK & TILFORD
917/919, Broadway
NEW-YORK
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS PERFUMERS AND FANCY GOOD STORES of U. S.
ORIZA-PERFUMES
IN LIQUID AND SOLIDIFIED FORM
LATEST NOVELTY
Violettes du Czar
FASHIONABLE PARIS PERFUME
for the
HANDKERCHIEF

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
ROSES
ARE ON THEIR OWN ROOTS,
and cost no more than the other kinds.
Propagated and grown by special methods of our own, they grow and bloom wherever grass grows and water runs.
☞ *We are much the largest Rose growers in America.* Our mail system insures *free* and *safe* delivery, and makes us your next door neighbor. Our New GUIDE for 1892 is the handsomest and best flower book out. Tells how to select, get and keep upwards of **2000 varieties of ROSES, BULBS, HARDY PLANTS and SEEDS.** Free to every one, for the asking.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers & Seedsmen, WEST GROVE, PA.

MID CONTINENT MAGAZINE
The Best LITERARY REVIEW published, **Only One Dollar** a year, with membership in Readers Union Library Association, and 300 page Catalogue, saving 30 per cent on all books purchased. Sample copies ten cents.
Readers Union Pub. Co.
LANSING, MICH.

—WRITE TO US if you are going to BUILD.
Sample designs of
Model Homes
sent on application.
Our New Book—
"Cottage Souvenir" No. 2,
with over 200 illustrations, is
A GEM for all who want to build.
Price $2. Send for prospectus and sample pages—*free.*
GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects, Knoxville, Tenn.

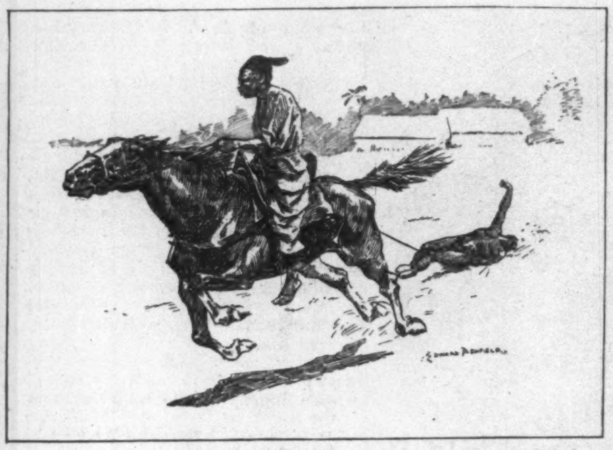
FRENCH GERMAN Actually Spoken and Mastered in **Ten Weeks** at your own home, by Dr. Rosenthal's Meisterschaft System. [550th thousand.] All subscribers, $5.00 each for each language, become actual pupils of Dr. Rosenthal who corrects all exercises, and corresponds with them in regard to difficulties which may occur. Sample copy, Part I, 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers.
MEISTERSCHAFT PUB. CO.
196 Summer Street - BOSTON
SPANISH ITALIAN

The $10.00 Kodak.

This new camera, with latest improvements, makes 24 snap-shot or indoor pictures, 3¼x4 inches, without reloading. Beautiful finish. Splendid workmanship.
Developing and Printing Outfit, $1.50.
Complete Illustrated Guide to photography with each Kodak outfit enables you to "do the rest" yourself.
Send for circulars. THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS
26 JOHN ST., N. Y.
THE BEST MADE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.



THE SLAVE-TRADE OF TO-DAY—AFTER THE RAID—DRAGGING A CAPTIVE TO DEATH.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Civilized Europe has frowned upon the African slave-trade, and the British are continually fighting over it. Strong efforts are being made to stamp out this awful traffic, and Christian is arrayed against Mohammedan. Death, except so far as self is concerned, is regarded lightly by the Arab slave-trader, and the consolations of his religion are such that he can even look upon his own death with equanimity. Where his savage black brother is concerned, an Arab seems to exercise about as much humanity as would be looked for in a tiger of the jungle. The religion of the Prophet is decidedly selfish, and was probably moulded to fit just such men as make up the bands of slave-hunters.

Picture a little village in Darkest Africa. Whatever may be the condition of life, it is certainly as the inhabitants choose to make it; and however savage the people are, there is no question but that they must enjoy a certain freedom of existence, and hold family ties that even the beasts are not bereft of. They know of no better life; but there is the possibility of a worse state always before them. Their creed is war, their virtues few; but for this they can hardly be held to blame, for the pall of darkness is over them at all times. Suddenly a horde of Arabs sweeps down upon them. The village is demolished; every one of the inhabitants is captured by the hunters. To resist means torture and death. The life of each Mohammedan must be paid for by the slaughter of the young and old, which is accomplished with the most terrible exhibitions of cruelty; and even if the Arabs make their captures without loss, there is no pity felt for the poor negro. Those who are unfit for slaves are told that they may go; but as they sneak off, they are run and shot down by the brutal captors. The Arabs have no regard for life. They will tie a rope around the ankles of one of the helpless ones, and fastening it to the saddle of a horse, compel the lesser brute to drag the victim across the desert until life is extinct, or nearly so; the latter suits their devilish taste much better. The slaves on the line of march bear round wooden yokes, and are linked in pairs, with their hands often tied. Any murmur against their captors or refusal to eat—in fact, the slightest act of insubordination—means instant death. Crossing the Great Desert these slaves suffer the agonies of thirst—a suffering that we cannot appreciate. Scores fall by the wayside, and are left to die as best they may; for, in the height of their exquisite cruelty, the Arabs deny unto these men the merciful bullet. When the wells are reached, these poor slaves expire within reach of the water that they are unable to drink, and the robbers of the desert show no sign of pity. It is hard to think of these Arabs as men and human beings; yet they are men who glory in their religion, and often show themselves worthy of higher influences. They regard life as lightly as possible, and it is said of the great number of captives that begin the march across the desert, very few ever reach the markets. The route of a slave caravan is marked by the dead that lie upon the sand.

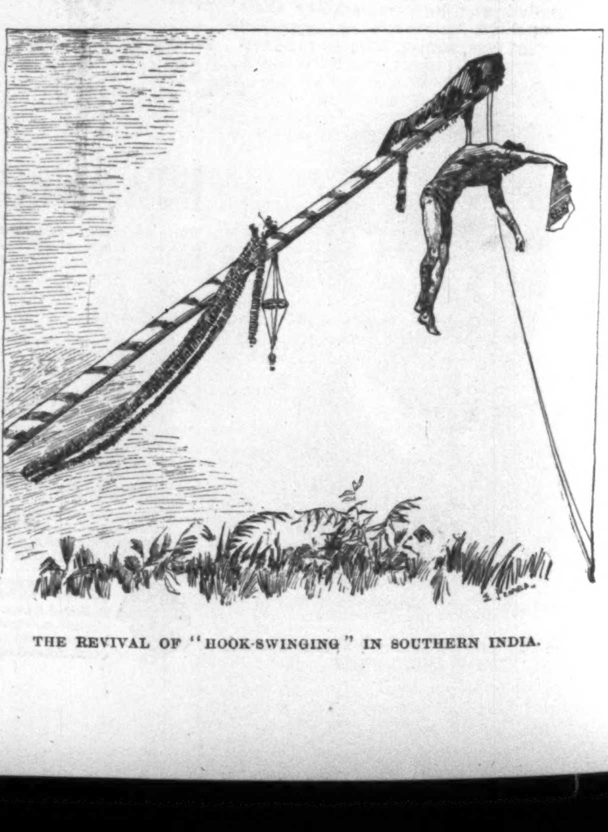
The outlook is one of promise. Already these bands of slave-traders have been diminished, and earnest men are engaged in the suppression of the traffic. England has been deeply interested in the subject, and it will probably be but a short time before this horrible trade is a thing of the past. The world progresses, and the gentler influence of Christianity or civilization—call it what you will—may soon extend to Darkest Africa, and wipe out the scourge of the poor native.

HOOK-SWINGING.

The Hindoos of the lower caste are barbarous in many customs and ideas, and they have a goddess called Miramal, who, according to her worshippers, must be a most ferocious deity. When plagues afflict the people, this amiable personage is supposed to be angry, and she must needs be propitiated by what is called "hook-swinging." This practically amounts to a human sacrifice, and the method of propitiation is described as something terrible. This form of sacrifice was once very common in India, but was stopped through the efforts of an American missionary, and only lately has it been revived. There is a numerous caste in southern India called the "Kullen," or thief caste, who appear to be no better than savages as far as possessing the higher emotions or sentiments. The country near Madura was suffering not long ago from a severe drought, and they came to the conclusion that Miramal was indulging in a fit of temper, and that only hook-swinging would appease her.

From four villages were selected eight men, among whom lots were cast, and a young Kullen, a strong, well-built fellow of twenty-five, was selected as victim. He was taken to the temple, and there, it is conjectured, was drugged to render him insensible to pain. When the day of sacrifice arrived, the young man was brought before a vast multitude that had congregated to see the exhibition of suffering. A pole about fifty feet in length was fastened midway on a pivot that rested upon a car. Iron hooks had been fastened in the muscles of the victim's back, and the pole was lowered while the hooks were bound to one end. Then the other end of the pole was pulled down, and the man swung thirty feet in the air, suspended by the hooks buried in his flesh. A circle of the pole was made, the victim swinging with it, and then for one hour and a quarter, while the car was dragged along for nearly a mile, the young man remained suspended. He was thrown to and fro with the jolting of the car, but the hooks remained fast. During this awful exhibition, the victim waved his hands to the people below, and hauling up flowers by a rope, he scattered them among the crowd. When a certain circuit had been made, it was thought that Miramal had been satisfied, and the young man was released from his position, but he still kept the hooks for several hours longer. In this condition he went about among the people collecting money, and later on was taken to the temple, where the hooks were removed.

This is the first time in many years that the ceremony has been gone through; but counting upon another outburst from their goddess, it has been declared that the custom will now be celebrated annually. The representatives of her Imperial Majesty had been duly warned that the ordeal would take place; an answer was given that they could not interfere "as the suffering was voluntary." And yet they stopped the Juggernaut practices not so very many years ago.



THE REVIVAL OF "HOOK-SWINGING" IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

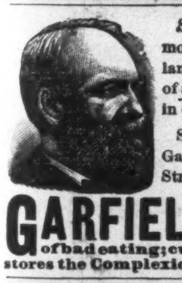
SYRUP of FIGS.

ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

FOR THROAT AND LUNG
complaints,
the best remedy is
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
In colds,
bronchitis, la grippe,
and croup, it is
Prompt to Act
sure to cure.

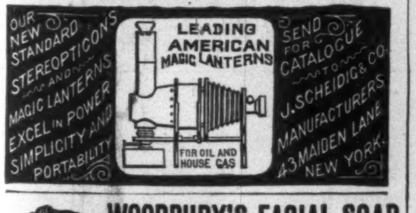
ED PINAUD'S Famous Perfume IXORA BREONI.



SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation.

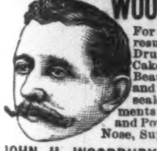


OUR NEW STANDARD STEREOPTICONS AND MAGIC LANTERNS EXCEL IN POWER SIMPLICITY AND PORTABILITY

LEADING AMERICAN MAGIC LANTERNS

FOR OIL AND HOUSE GAS

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO J. SCHEIDIG & CO. MANUFACTURERS 43 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

COPYRIGHTED.
A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

FOR $5.00
250 PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS
HANDSOMELY BOUND IN ONE VOLUME. 9×11.
SAMPLE VIEW AND CIRCULARS, 10 CENTS
FRANK HEGGER 152 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
IMPORTER OF VIEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE. CUT THIS OUT.

PATENTS H. W. T. JENNER, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS!
CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the EAST for CALIFORNIA JANUARY 13th, FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 24th, APRIL 20th, and MEXICO FEBRUARY 10th, 1892.

FORMING TRIPS OF VARIABLE DURATION.
Most Superbly Appointed TOURS ever offered.

EXCURSION TICKETS with Return Limits adjustable to the wishes of tourists, including ALL TRAVELLING EXPENSES, will be sold at the most liberal rates.

For Itineraries, Reservations of Space, and all information, apply to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Chas. E. Pugh, General Manager.
J. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent.

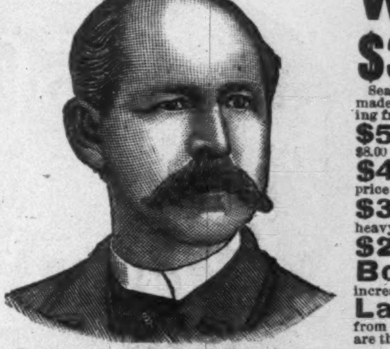
Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

A Solid 8% INVESTMENT running indefinitely or may be called at will. Interest January and July at *National Park Bank*, N. Y. Prospectus with over **100 Eastern References** on application to ATLAS SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

OREGON THE BEST FIELD FOR **INVESTMENT** in the UNITED STATES. Present growth of **PORTLAND** is ahead of any city in the U. S. in proportion to its size. Wholesale trade, 1890, $130,000,000; Banking Capital $13,500,000; Buildings now under construction $4,000,000. We have a plan for the investment of capital in best real estate in Oregon, in large and small amounts, cash or monthly instalments of $25 and upwards, absolutely safe and remarkably profitable. Send for full information and Bankers' references. **EUGENE D. WHITE & CO., Portland, Or.**



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00 SHOE THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD For the money.

Seamless shoe, without tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of fine calf, stylish and easy. They equal hand-sewed costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy thick soles, extension edge.

$2.50 fine calf, $2.25 and $2.00 Workingman's are very strong and durable.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. **$2.50, $2.00 and $1.75** shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.** Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you, and if they will not do so, send advertised price, stating kind desired and size and width usually worn. Shoes sent by mail to any part of the world, postage free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

TOILET LANOLINE SALVE Best Home Remedy for CHAPPED or CRACKED HANDS and LIPS.

BEST REMEDY against Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Corns and Chafing.
BEST REMEDY for Preserving and Softening the Skin, especially with SMALL CHILDREN.
BEST REMEDY against Hemorrhoids (Piles.)

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN. ESTABLISHED 1801.

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. **All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts. BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York.**

The most perfect toilet powder is
LA VELOUTINE FAY
Special Poudre de Riz
Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY, Parfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris
USE NONE OTHER
Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

FREE For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this **Special Offer:** Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO.** Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture **FREE** as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

DON'T BUY ANY FURNITURE until you send for DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of **THE GUNN FOLDING BED** combined with every class of Furniture. 13 different styles. For sale by leading dealers.
GUNN FOLDING BED CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS for Home or Public Use. The BEST in the world. Send for Catalogue. **MARCY SCIOPTICON CO., 1008 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.**

PLAYS for Private Theatricals. Descriptive catalogue FREE. H. ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

LADY AGENTS. Fortune Sure. New article for ladies. Mrs. N. B. Little, Chicago, Ill.

CARDS LATEST STYLES, Beveled Edge, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards. Finest Sample Book ever offered for 2c. stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., Box 33, SCIO, OHIO.

SEND stamp for picture, "The Pretty Typewriter," to Shorthand School, 816 Broadway, New York.

CARDS 528 New Samples of Silk Ribbon, Silk Fringe, Envelope & New Rosette Cards, Tricks, Songs, Games, &c., 1 Album, 1 Pack Escort, 1 Pack Acquaintance Cards, all for 2c. Crown Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

ED PINAUD'S FAMOUS PERFUME. VIOLETTE DE PARME.

ED PINAUD'S FAMOUS QUININE HAIR TONIC.

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU
EACH CATALOGUE IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

Accordions, Auto Harps, Auto Harp Music, Banjos, Banjo Music, Violins, Violin Music, Violin Bows, Violin Cases, Guitars, Guitar Music, Clarinets, Clarinet Music, Cornets, Cornet Music, Flutes, Flute Music, Violin Repairing, Harmonicas,

C. W. STORY, 26 and 28 Central St., Boston, Mass.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Card Press....$3.
Circular Press $8.
Small Newspaper Press....$44.

Type-setting easy. Printed rules. Send two stamps for catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., to factory. **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Connecticut.**

PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. 78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

MRS. KRONCKE'S BOARDING SCHOOL for girls. English, French, and German. Superior advantages for music. 5958 Wright St., Chicago.

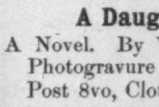
KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.



$22. FIRST CLASS CURTAIN DESK Four and a Half feet long. Unlimited variety in stock and to order.
American Desk & Seating Co.
270-272 Wabash Av., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

Have just published:

Von Moltke's Letters.

Letters of Field-marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers. Translated by CLARA BELL and HENRY W. FISCHER. With Portraits and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

Nothing has hitherto been published which reveals more truly than these letters the real character of the great German hero. Extending over a period of nearly seventy years, they afford most precious and interesting glimpses of his early life, of his courageous struggles against adversity and disappointment, and of his humble acceptance of the success and fame which were finally his reward. They are valuable not more for their revelation of his thoughts and opinions concerning public men and events than for their portrayal of the remarkable affection which he entertained for his family and friends, and which no change of circumstances could alter.

The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.

By H. D. TRAILL, D.C.L. With Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 00. (A New Volume in "The Queen's Prime Ministers" Series.)

In this volume the career and public acts of the Prime Minister are reviewed from the standpoint of an independent Conservatism, while an attempt is also made to trace the successive developments of the character and policy of the statesman in their relation to the general political movement of the time.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

A Pure Woman, Faithfully Presented. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "A Group of Noble Dames," "The Woodlanders," "A Laodicean," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

No novel of the period can compare in thrilling interest with Mr. Hardy's latest work, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The book is intended for thoughtful and cultivated readers, its people live and breathe, its heroine in her beauty, weakness, passion, and final tragic fate will take all hearts by storm.

A Daughter of Heth.

A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. With Photogravure Portrait of the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth, 90 cents.

This is the initial volume of a new, uniform, and complete revised edition of Mr. Black's novels in twenty-five volumes. This edition will receive the author's thorough and final revision, and the volumes will be issued at intervals of about a month.

A Homeric Dictionary

For Schools and Colleges, based upon the German of Dr. GEORGE AUTENRIETH. Translated by ROBERT P. KEEP. Revised by ISAAC FLAGG. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 10.

The former edition of this work has been carefully and thoroughly revised throughout, and such changes of plan and arrangement have been made as are calculated to make the volume more useful and better suited to the needs of the student.

Lyrics.

By CORA FABBRI. Printed on Holland Paper. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*